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## *HUMAN RIGHTS AND HUMAN RACES.*

We make the following extract from a speech by the Hon. John D. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, upon *Human Rights and Human Races*, delivered in the House of Representatives, Jan. 11th, 1868.

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The gentleman warned us with Cassandralike earnestness against influences—always from the negro race—that have ruined other peoples, and may ruin us. It is patriotic to watch and guard against danger to the nation with a sensitiveness that can feel the first touch of its influence. Has he always performed this duty with fidelity? Can he point out any other influence so deadly in its assault on the Republic as that which, after the fathers had passed away, made slavery a political power, and worked like the serpent in paradise to bring the whole Republic to swear by its teachings and worship its image? It came upon the mind and heart of the country like a pestilence walking in darkness. It transformed thought, feeling, and doctrine, until men rose, claiming to represent the communities in which they lived, and shouted with passionate arrogance that the old doctrines were false, and that the slave power should rule the nation or ruin it. Here was a danger to engage the deepest anxiety of patriotism. And where were those whose partisan zeal now wails so eloquently over imagined disasters to flow from justice to the African race? Were they alarmed by this great danger to the country—this audacious invasion of its ideas and institutions? No! Mr. Chairman, they were bending low in servility to the barbarism that sought to be king; they were breaking down the old purpose to exclude slavery from the Territories; they were putting the word "white" into their State Constitutions; they were howling curses at honest men who dared to point out the danger and denounce the cause of it. And at length, when the slave power's "confederacy" of treason appeared in arms to revolutionize the Republic or destroy it, some of those men maintained allegiance to its leaders by opposing, denouncing, and seeking to baffle measures employed by the government to crush this rebellion. Was this patriotic concern for the welfare of the country? And now, as if to show how profoundly and ineradicably they had suffered, not a

"Sea change
Into something rich and strange"—

but such a transformation as nothing but the slave power and partisan passion combined was able to produce, they work on in the same service, seeking to rebuild their old political temple on the old foundations, by appealing to prejudice, stupidity, madness, and the whole heartless and brainless tribe of unreason, against measures that aim to guard the country against its destroyers, by affirming the atrocity of treason, the divinity of justice, and the sacredness of human rights.

Mr. Chairman, the gentleman's speech was very remarkable in another respect. He recited a romance worthy of the "Thousand and One Nights" concerning powerful civilizations and peoples which, he says, were engulfed in the negro race. The Mahometan Arabs, the rude Semites of the Hedjaz, among whom the Mahometan fanaticism originated, are enhaloed with the splendor of an imperial civilization belonging to other peoples, and then brought down "from their exalted position" by mixture with "inferior and degraded races" in north Africa. The Turks are going to ruin and darkness under the mighty consequences of miscegenation with negro eunuchs. The Spanish ravagers of Mexico and Peru went to hopeless degradation through association with the old races of those countries. It was an exciting story, a masterly work of fiction; but he studiously omitted the fact that wherever history actually shows us people of the negro race in close relations with the races described in his romance they usually appear as slaves. What slavery does for a nation can be learned without travelling back into the past or leaving our own country.

I had supposed, Mr. Chairman, that the Turkish race since its first appearance in Europe had been associated with peoples and races quite equal to its old associations in Asia, and that the failure of its civilization to advance like that of Christian nations was owing to causes very different from any influence of race. But I forbear to press this point. The gentleman reveals a mystery before which I recoil. He tells us that he himself has seen in Constantinople a bevy of beautiful Circassians and Georgians actually kissing the eunuch's hand. Therefore I will not venture to deny that the eastern "sick man" has been maimed, poisoned, and brought to a dying condition by the terrible progeny of negro eunuchs.

In Northern Africa, long before the time of the Mahometan Arabs, there was an important civilization established in remote antiquity by the people called Phœnicians. It must have been great in the great days of Tyre, for it filled that whole region from Egypt to the Atlantic with its cities. The ruins of many of these cities still exist, and some of them are described in the work of Mr. Davis on the "Ruined Cities of Africa." The fall of Carthage led to the subjugation of the whole country by the Romans, but what its people and civilization were in the time of the Romans may be inferred from passages in Tacitus, where, describing Germany, he speaks of its climate, of its people, who "have no cities," and who spend their time "in sleep or gluttonly" when not engaged in war, and exclaims, "*Quis, Asia aut Africa aut Italia relicta, Germaniam poteret?*" ("Who would relinquish Asia, Africa, or Italy for Germany?")

The Romans were followed in Africa by the Vandals, and after them came the Mahometan Arabs, proceeding, as the gentleman says, "from the holy city of Mecca," in the Hedjaz. The Semitic Arabs, Mahomet's race, comparatively late settlers in Arabia, and many of them nomads, had no history and no importance previous to the rise of Mahometanism. They were a rude people, inferior to the old Cushite inhabitants of the peninsula, the Arabes-Aribah, the Arabians of pure race, who really had, and probably originated, the civilization and science which the gentleman credits to Mahomet's race. Various highly civilized peoples—the Syrians, the Egyptians, and some of the northern Africans, such as the Moors—were gathered within the pale of Mahometanism in the course of its earlier conquests; these adopted the Arabic language with the Koran, and, in some localities, as at Bagdad and in Spain, gave Mahometanism science and elegant culture, although they could not give law to the fanatical spirit that directed its sway. Some of the Caliphs put some restraint on this spirit; but it would not be restrained, and at the west broke from their sway. How destructively it operated in northern Africa is told us by Leo Africanus in the first book of his work on that country, as follows:

"When those who rebelled against the Caliph of Bagdad got the upper hand they burnt all the African books; for they were of opinion that the Africans, so long as they had any knowledge of natural philosophy or of any other good arts and sciences, would every day more and more contemn the law of Mahomet."—*Pory's translation.*

The people thus invaded by the savagery of Mahometan fanaticism were the people of the old Phœnician communities, now represented in the interior by the people called Berbers. Their country has been called Barbar and Barbary. No other people dwelt in northern Africa at that time. Many of them went to Spain; so many from Mauritania that the Spanish Mahometans are called Moors. Some of the Berbers are still pure white men. Such are many of that foremost branch of the family, the Tuaricks or Targhees, who now inhabit the Sahara, which is not such a desert as uninstructed fancy has portrayed. Like some other branches of the family, these Tuaricks have a political organization that is very nearly democratic. They have cities, agriculture, a literature; and they still use the old Phœnician alphabet. See on this subject the volumes of travel in Northern Africa by Lyon, Richardson, and Tristam, and the reports of French officers in Africa, published in the *Journal Asiatique.*

I tell the gentleman that his affecting romance of the Mahometan Arabs has no warrant of historical truth. They, and they alone, were the destroyers. Mahometanism limits human development, and cannot be the basis of a great civilization. It cannot long tolerate the influence of such a civilization; and it has not failed to reduce to its own level every people and every civilization where its influence has been established.

The gentleman's exciting story of the Spanish race in Mexico and Peru revealed admirations and sympathies to which I am not accustomed. The "Wizard of the North" made men and women thrill and weep over his romance of "The Pirate;" but he did not call it history. The Spaniards who ravaged Mexico and Peru left, in the record of their deeds, graphic illustrations of their character. History shows us what they were and what they did, if it does, in some hands, try to give their villany the rose color. We can read the story; we can bring them to the test of our conceptions of what is chivalrous, noble, and great. The gentleman goes quite beyond himself in celebrating "their lofty chivalry," "their Christian loyalty," and thinks "God never made a nobler race." Let us see how it was. Hernando Cortez, being in Cuba, where his personal character was not enviable, and where he was waiting for adventures, hears reports of Mexico and its vast riches in gold and silver. He enlists a band of adventurers and goes to that country, assuming that whatever gold or silver or other desirable thing can be taken there by force is lawful prey. They went to hunt in Mexico as men hunt for prey in a forest, and they were made bold and confident of success by the vast superiority of their arms. They ravaged and desolated the land, perpetrating robberies, murders, treacheries, assassinations, outrages of every kind, crimes indescribable. Recall some of their deeds: the massacre of Cholula; the burning of Mexican chiefs at the stake; the torture of Guatemozin. Froude, writing on this subject, in his Short Studies, shows that in England at the time, accounts of these proceedings of the Spaniards in Mexico excited not only horror but "a genuine human indignation." Sir Walter Ralcigh desired a crusade against the marauders, saying:

"Who will not be persuaded that now, at length, the great Judge of the world hath seen the tears and blood of so many millions of innocent men, women, and children, afflicted, robbed, reviled, branded with hot irons, roasted, dismembered, mangled, stabbed, whipped, racked, scalded with hot oil, put to the strapado, ripped alive, beheaded in sport, drowned, dashed against the rocks, devoured by mastiffs, burned, and by infinite cruelties consumed, and purposeth to scourge and plague that cursed nation."

And this was "lofty chivalry," "Christian loyalty," and supreme nobility of character and race! Mr. Chairman, has language so changed that we must say "honor" when we mean "villany," and "exalted Christian chivalry" when we mean "piracy and murder?" According to the standard by which I have learned to test the actions of mankind, the earth was never polluted by the tread of more unscrupulous pirates than the bands of Spanish adventurers led into Peru by Pizarro, and into Mexico by Hernando Cortez. Cortez himself had genius for this kind of work, and the moral quality of the man was quite at home in it; but it is an insult to human nature to talk of these men as superior to that old Mexican race, in whose lands we may still study in their ruins the monuments of a civilization which the most exalted of the gentleman's Spanish hidalgos never equalled.

Moreover, the Spanish race, which began in Mexico with violence and devastation, have been a most pestilent curse to the country from that time to this. They desolated the empire of Montezuma, but they were unable to put anything as good in its place. They robbed and ruined the people and did nothing to bless the land. They hunted the mines for gold and silver, but they did nothing to spread intelligence, to create industrial enterprise, or to develop the resources of the country. These Spanish pirates and assassins brought ruin to Mexico and its people; and to-day that element in the Mexican population which contributes least to social welfare and most to obstruct settled prosperity and encourage anarchy is the Spanish element, while the chief hope of the nation is in the the superior moral worth, social purity, industry, patriotism, and value as citizens of the old Mexican race now represented at the head of the government by Benito Juarez.

Mr. Chairman, it is quite possible theat we shall find it necessary to revise our conception of what constitutes the superiority of a race. Great force, aided by the most terrible engines of war, may sweep through the world irresistibly, conquering, ravaging, inspiring dread, and subjugating weak people to its domination. It has done so in all ages of which we have any account. It has made itself the theme of song and romance, and regulated the method of history. But is this really the highest, the most admirable development of human nature? Our civilization is already convincing us that it is not. The forces that are elevating the great mass of mankind from serfdom and vassalage to a richer and more enlightened condition of social and domestic life, the growth and varied development of industry and the arts of peace among the many, and countless influences growing out of that enfranchisement of the people, which is extending the great possibilities of civilization from the privileged few to the "plebian" millions, are beginning to show us that the highest beauty of human development is not that which creates mighty conquerors and makes the earth tremble beneath the tramp of war, or that takes any form merely to dazzle or astonish. There is something nobler than genius for directing the movements of all-conquering power; something more divine than the resistless sway of force over weak peoples; something that more fully developes beauty and delight in human relationships; something more richly fraught with blessings that increase the possibilities and heighten the charm of human life; something that will necessarily revise our conceptions of what is superior in peoples and races.

It is quite possible that on considering the matter more carefully we may discover that each race and each distinct family of mankind has some peculiar gift of its own in which it is superior to others; and that the all-wise Creator may have designed that each race and family shall bring its own peculiar contribution to the completeness of civilization, the full-orbed and all-comprehending development of the race. A race or family is not necessarily inferior to others because it comes into the history of civilization latest, nor superior to others because it appears there first. It was not our own Aryan or Indo-European race that created the great civilizations of Chaldea and the Old Monarchy of Egypt. Our race was preceded in development by others; and it was in times quite modern that our own family of the race took its place among the foremost. Germany, the old home of the Teuton and Anglo-Saxon, had nothing very lovely to civilized men even in the time of Tacitus; and a few centuries earlier some civilized orator of Africa or Asia may have asked, with arrogant scorn, "Of what use to the world are those barbarous and beastly Germans and Anglo-Saxons, who have never astonished the world with creations of genius; who have never produced a Homer, a Phidias, a Hannibal, an Alexander, nor even a great mechanic; who have never made discoveries in astronomy, nor even constructed palatial edifices like the temple of Hera at Samos, the royal palace at Babylon, or the marvelous structures of ancient Egypt." But our time came at last, and that orator's scorn is not likely to be repeated. We have not yet equalled the architecture of antiquity, but evidently we have a higher mission. By means of the wonderful force, energy, and activity of our race we are bringing together "the ends of the earth," and establishing intercourse and the feeling of neighborhood between isolated peoples. We are bringing all the races and peoples of mankind to that condition of mutual intercourse and appreciation where the old feelings of scorn and hate, and the old talk of "natural enemies" and "outside barbarians" will at length give way to the feeling of human brotherhood, and allow the races and families of man to assume harmonious relations and play connected parts in the grand work of giving the race complete development.

It is also quite possible that if the gentleman from New York will bring to the discussion of this subject less scornful prejudice, less sympathy with the barbarisms of thought and feeling generated by the slave system, less haste to trample out the rights of a race deemed inferior, and more reflection on the duty of the wise and strong to the weak, he may discover that his treatment of the negro race in that speech is unworthy of any man who claims to share the spirit of an elevated civilization.

The claims of that race, as a part of the native population of the country, should engage the most candid consideration of all wise and good men. It is unpatriotic, it is wicked, to embarrass it with the influence of partisan prejudice or of reckless partisan ambition. This obstruction, however, may be inevitable. It may be that everywhere on this earth and in every age, the great triumphs of justice must be great victories won in long and obstinate battles with unreason. But our experience should make us wise and move every good citizen to support the endeavor to return to the doctrines of the fathers.

Both duty and interest require this policy; and they have heightened their claim upon the government and people of the country; first, by their bearing toward the government and by their unfaltering friendship for the Union cause during the late rebellion; and second, by their sagacity and good conduct in using the liberties already accorded them.

Jefferson doubted whether a slave could regard as his country the land where he was born to live and labor for another. The doubt was very natural; but during the late struggle with rebellion the slave population of the country felt as deeply as others that this was their country, and they took the side of the government with abiding hope in its justice. They could see what the struggle involved, and they comprehended clearly that the triumph of the government would be the triumph of liberty. And now, shall we deny the rights of these men, tell them that this is the white man's country, where they can have neither country nor rights, and, like the gentleman from New York, turn them over to association with the gorilla? Mr. Chairman, have we no faith in God; no thought of those divine laws that regulate for nations the issues of life and death?

But the highest reason for recognizing and protecting the human rights of this race, the reason that comprehends every other, is pointed out in these words of Jefferson:

"Can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God?"

Every system of despotism assumes that the people have no rights save those the despots may graciously accord, and these only so long as the despots may see fit to allow. This Republic was founded on the belief that human rights, or in Jefferson's phrase, human "liberties," are the God-given birthright of every man that lives; and the only effectual safeguard of free institutions is an all-pervading reverence for personal rights, that feels as a crime that must not be tolerated any invasion of the rights of the humblest man—any attempt to shut him out from equality before the law.

We cannot live by the doctrine that only privileged classes and races have rights to be respected. We must have in the minds of the people, in our institutions, in our laws, in the whole administration of our government, the sacredly-cherished conviction that human rights are God-given rights, to be protected and held in perpetual reverence. The Republic cannot live under the influence of infidelity to the faith in which it was founded. This, in itself, is a sufficient reply to the gentleman from New York, and to all others who favor his doctrine and policy. The Republic cannot live under such injustice as they propose. The sure fruit of such wrong is a curse which no talk of inferior races and no lordly scorn of the negro race can prevent. We have felt it; we have seen it debauch patriotism; we have seen it breed treason; we have seen it darken the land with the fury of war; and how can any man who loves his country be willing to repeat the experiment in any form?

## *RECONSTRUCTION.*

We present the following extract from a speech by the Hon. Hamilton Ward, of New York, upon *Reconstruction*, delivered in the House of Representatives, January 16th, 1868.

It is a part of every nation's rights, as it is a part of the rights of every individual, to take the necessary measures to preserve its own existence. Self-preservation is the first law of nations as of nature. A government has always a right to protect itself and to preserve itself. You cannot so frame a government that that right does not attach to it. That is a part of the constitution and frame-work of every government, otherwise your government is a failure, it is defective and will crumble to atoms.

Sir, the Constitution of the United States was framed to build up this grand and glorious fabric of a free government and free institutions—a government which shall extend its power and protection down along the avenue of generations yet to come and over the people who shall live under its flag, and a cardinal principle of that government is freedom to the masses; the cardinal principle of that government is that the people shall rule; that all men under the flag, white or black, naturalized or native born, stand equal before the law, as they stand equal before God. And when that Constitution was framed, when our fathers assembled in the Convention of 1787, their object was to frame a form of government which should remedy the evils of the Confederation, which was a weak government, a government ratified through the States, a government in which the States triumphed over the national authority, a government that could not collect a dollar's tax, that could not command respect at home or abroad; a government which, having lost the respect of our own people as well as of foreign nations, was crumbling to pieces. Their object was to make a stronger government, a government that would hold together, a government that would be firm and unyielding, and would secure the rights of the people at the same time that it respected the just rights of the States. This object they declared in the preamble in these words:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessing, of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

To that end they said that Congress could declare war; to that end they said that the United States shall guarantee to every State a republican government; to that end they said that Congress had the power to suppress insurrection; to that end they clothed Congress with the power to provide for the common defense and the general welfare; to that end they clothed Congress with the right to levy taxes, with the right to make rules and regulations for the government of the land and naval forces; with the right to control in fact the whole purse and the whole sword of the nation. And when, sir, the great objects of the Constitution are assailed, when the great cause of liberty is in jeopardy, when there is danger that the nation will be destroyed, no combination of men hostile to the government can by any machinery defeat the execution of this great duty and by technicalities cheat us out of our national salvation.

Sir, the President has refused to execute the law. It is said that we cannot impeach him, and that if we do impeach him we cannot suspend him from office until he is tried. This being the case, if he refuses to execute wholesome laws which we enact what is our remedy? If we cannot find an Executive that will carry out our laws what can we do? Shall we surrender the country to destruction? Oh, no. We must find some other agent. We are clothed with a great and responsible trust, involving the salvation of the nation. We are clothed with the prerogative of preserving this nation at all hazards and under all circumstances. If the Executive is false; if the people in certain sections are disorderly and treasonable, forming combinations to overthrow the government; if we find that a great party in the South is leagued with a great party in the North, embracing many men acting under the dictates of an honest judgment, perhaps, but still whether intending it or not, supporting, through devotion to party, measures calculated to override justice, crush out loyalty, and elevate traitors to power—in such an emergency as this it becomes the duty of Congress fearlessly and nobly to take the responsibility and to find an agent that *will* execute its will.

We must not trifle with this question. There is too much at stake. If we do not find authority in the letter of the Constitution we must find it in the fact that the public liberty is in danger and the national life in jeopardy. We must act upon the same principle on which we tear down a building to save a city when a fire is raging; upon the same principle on which we throw overboard a portion of a ship's cargo in order that the residue may ride safely through the storm; upon the same principle on which the commander of a ship in an hour of extreme peril has a right to enforce obedience to his commands even by taking the life of some of the disobedient. The duty rests upon Congress; and Congress is the exclusive judge of the emergency, subject only to the superior authority of the people. If we find there is such a state of public peril as requires the exercise of this great power, we can say to the Executive, "Stand back; we will not clothe you with the power of executing this law; we will find a man who is a proper, an honest, a true man, an earnest man, who has fought in the conflict and who has shown his faith by his works. We will charge him with this great duty, and under his lead we will march to success.

Do not tell me that the people of the United States will not endorse such a movement. Sir, we have trifled too long with the people of this country; we have waited too long on this precipice; we have listened too long to the clamor of these disturbing elements North and South. We must go on, sir, to the performance of our high duty; we must reconstruct the South upon the great immutable principles of justice; we must elevate the loyal men and place them in a position at least equal with these traitors; we must lighten the burdens of the people financially, and in every other way lift them up from the despondency and gloom into which they have fallen. Sir, with this purpose in view, earnest, faithful, unterrified by clamor, we can endure any sort of denunciation and abuse. We can submit to denunciation from all those interested in the overthrow of those principles upon which alone this government can be restored, and among them I am sorry to say is the Democratic party itself. We can endure all this; we can preserve our self-respect, do our duty to the government and the people, and I believe we shall be sustained by the people as we will be by our own convictions of right.

## *THE AMENDMENT ABOLISHING SLAVERY NOT YET A LAW.*

In reference to the Fourteenth Amendment, the N. Y. *Tribune* thus speaks:

Mr. Sumner has introduced a bill in the Senate, and Mr. Bingham in the House, to declare that, as twenty-two States of the twenty seven now participating in the government have adopted the proposed Fourteenth Amendment, it is, therefore, part of the Constitution. By official statement from Mr. Seward to Congress, it appears that Connecticut, New Hampshire, Tennessee, New Jersey, Vermont, Oregon, New York, Ohio, Illinois, West Virginia, Kansas, Nevada, Missouri, Indiana, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Massachusetts, Nebraska and Maine have adopted the Amendment. The Constitution provides no mode by which the adoption of a constitutional amendment shall be authoritatively declared. As Congress has clearly the legislative power to enact by whom and in what manner its adoption shall be declared, it doubtless has no less power to make the declaration itself. Should the bill pass, they will decide the point that three-fourths of the acting States may adopt a constitutional amendment. Unless Congress shall so decide, the amendment abolishing slavery has not yet passed, the Johnson State governments, on whose votes Mr. Seward prematurely proclaimed its passage, having been superseded.

## *GEORGIA.*

PROCEEDINGS OF THE RECONSTRUCTION CONVENTION.

ATLANTA, Jan. 18, 1868.

The important feature of to-day's session was the following letter from the Commanding General of the District:

HDQRS. THIRD MILITARY DISTRICT,
(GEORGIA, ALABAMA, AND FLORIDA),
ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 17, 1868.

HON. J. R. PARROTT, *President of the Constitutional Convention of Georgia.*

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of your resolution, adopted on the 15th inst. by the Convention of which you are President, requesting me to order the Treasurer of the State of Georgia to deposit in the hands of the Hon. N. L. Angier, the disbursing agent of the Convention, subject to its order, funds sufficient to pay all the expenses of the Convention. I have this day received information from the Treasurer that there are no funds in the Treasury at Milledgeville. I have also been recently informed that some of the public institutions of the State have been suffering on account of the non-payment of the appropriations for their support. Whether this failure of payment has been on account of the want of means in the State Treasury, or for other reasons, I am not at present advised. I shall use my best efforts to secure, without delay, the means of paying the incidental expenses of the Convention, and at least a portion of the per diem and mileage of the members. If I find, on investigation, that any funds which should be in the State Treasury have been placed beyond my reach, I may deem it necessary to suspend temporarily the payment of a portion of the current salaries of all officers who receive their pay either from the State Treasury or the State Road. You will perceive from the facts above stated that it is out of my power, at present, to comply with the request of the Convention, much as I desire to do so. In lieu of granting this authority, I respectfully request that the requisition of your disbursing agent may be sent to me for my approval, that I may see that such funds of the State as may become available be properly distributed according to the public necessities.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

It is currently reported and believed here that all the funds in the treasury of Georgia (a large amount) were transferred to New York by Gov. Jenkins and the Treasurer before their removal by Gen. Meade.

After the transaction of miscellaneous business, the Convention went into Committee of the Whole, and took up the Bill of Rights. Sections eight and nine of the constitution of 1865 were adopted without change or debate:

Sec. 8. Perfect freedom of religious sentiment be and the same is hereby secured, and no inhabitant of this State shall ever be molested in person or property, nor prohibited from holding any public office of trust on account of his religious opinion; but the liberty of conscience, hereby secured, shall not be so construed as to excuse acts of licentiousness, or justify practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of the people.

Sec. 9. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are inherent elements of political liberty. But while every citizen may freely speak, or write, or print on any subject, he shall be responsible for the abuse of liberty.

Sec. 10, as it came from the Bill of Rights Committee, is as follows: "In all prosecutions of indictment for libels, the truth may be given in evidence, and the jury shall have the right to determine the law and the facts." Upon motion to strike out the words "the law and," several substitutes were offered, much discussion ensued, and the hour of adjournment was reached without conclusion.

Much the largest part of to-day's session of the Convention was spent in discussion of the seventh section of the Bill of Rights. I spare you the debate, and chronicle its termination by stating its adoption in the following amended form: "A well-regulated militia being necessary for the security of a free people, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed, but the General Assembly shall have power to prescribe by law the manner in which arms may be borne by private persons." Three phonographic reporters have been engaged to report fully the proceedings of the Convention, and were to leave New York on the 16th inst.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

ATLANTA, Jan 17, 1868.

The following resolution was adopted at the opening of the morning session:

Resolved, That this Convention do unanimously tender their thanks to Gen. Meade, Military Commander of the Third Military District, for the course he has pursued in regard to Reconstruction.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## *ANTI-SLAVERY ANNIVERSARIES.*

From the Boston Commonwealth.

Our old friends of the anti-slavery movement—or rather that portion which follow Mr. Wendell Phillips in continued agitation, deeming it important that the civil rights of the negro should be fully secured—had their annual subscription-festival on Wednesday evening last; and a right pleasant gathering it was. Horticultural Hall was used, and a large company assembled. Flowers and paintings adorned the room, and music and speaking gave their attractions. Excellent though brief addresses were made by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York, Mr. Phillips, and Col. T. W. Higginson; Miss Josephene Ellery read one or two selections from favorite authors, winning much praise for her simplicity of manner and excellence of elocution; and both youthful and adult voices furnished the vocalism. The natty little tables around the hall, at regular intervals, with the ornament of a tasteful boquet upon each and an earnest woman behind it, were so suggestive of well-doing that the subscriptions could not otherwise than come in creditably. Refreshment-tables likewise offered their attractive variety of cakes and ices, and were well-served.

Mr. Phillips, in his remarks, said he deemed the work before the society at the present time, as important as ever before. It was to mould public opinion so that Senators and Representatives in Congress should not dare to do other than their duty. Every mail from Washington, he said, came laden with facts about our prominent politicians, men with whom the future of America is confided, which no journal in the country dares print and no man utter except in secret. These facts, many of them perhaps, will come to us in time as other facts have come. For instance; Henry Wilson, when in the Summer of 1865 many declared that Andrew Johnson was an intentional, "on purpose" traitor to republicanism, felt it his duty to deny it and protest against it as fanaticism; and yet in the Summer of 1867, when events had ripened, this same Senator, in his own town of Natick, had the boldness to say in a speech that all along in 1865 he knew that Andrew Johnson was a traitor. Why could he not have trusted the country with his knowledge at the time? That is the work of the society; to educate public opinion so that it will demand the truth from its public servants at once; and not be content a moment with any false statement of the situation.

At the meeting of the Massachusetts Society, on Thursday, Mr. Phillips offered resolutions generally complimentary to Congress, but declaring there was no evidence that Gen. Grant sympathized with the Radical Republicans, and supported them by a half-hour speech. Col. Higginson and Rev. Mr. Frothingham followed in pertinent and eloquent remarks, those of the latter being of rare felicity even for him. Aaron M. Powell, of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, followed in a stirring address, inciting to faithful criticism of all doubtful and trading politicians. Further addresses were made by Stephen S. Foster, A. Bronson Alcott, J. W. Toohey, Ira Steward, J. B. Swasey, Mr. Everett, and others. The session was quite animated, and the friends had an old-fashioned refreshing season.

## *ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.*

The Thirty-fourth Annual Meeting of the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY was held in Mercantile Hall, Boston, on Thursday, January 23d, the President, Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, in the chair.

Mr. SARGENT, alluding to the popular custom of offering formal prayer at the opening of a business meeting, said that the old maxim was a good one, "To labor is to pray." He said that God had long been calling upon this people to do justice to the black race, and actual work in their behalf is our best proof of allegiance to Him.

A Committee on Nomination of Officers was then appointed, consisting of J. T. Everett, J. N. Buffum, S. S. Foster.

The following were appointed a Committee on Business: Wendell Phillips, Abby Kelley Foster, Aaron M. Powell.

The Finance Committee consisted of George W. Stacey, Nathaniel B. Spooner, Sallie Holley.

The Chairman of the Business Committee, WENDELL PHILLIPS, then read the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That while many events at the North and a large share of the action of Congress may well encourage us, the good sense, manly independence, and self-respect of the colored people of the South, with their courageous assertion and use of their political rights, and singularly clear comprehension of the nation's need and situation, give us good ground to hope that the real foundations for permanent peace and enduring nationality are securely laid.

2. Resolved, That while we regard the refusal of the republican party to impeach the President as a grave crime committed against the nation, we see with profound satisfaction the courageous persistency of Congress in its policy of reconstruction, and look on it as giving good hope that, if necessary, it will not only remove from its path every obstacle, but perfect its own plan untill it results in thoroughly impartial liberty and complete protection to every citizen.

3. Resolved, That one of the foulest blots on the nation's honor is its cruel desertion of loyal men at the South; that history will record the shameful fact that while our flag floats triumphant, borne up by the courage and loyalty of millions, the only men in the disloyal States obliged to hide themselves, are those who in the dark years stood by that flag; that for them law has no adequate protection; that the only outrages almost sure to go unpunished, are those committed to-day by rebels on such men.

4. Resolved, That the recent action of the Senate of the United States in vindicating national law outraged in the person of Mr. Secretary Stanton, deserves the heartiest thanks of every patriot, and that we hope they will carefully watch and see that the provisions of the law are fully obeyed; not allowing the disloyal obstinacy of the Executive to set the law at defiance while seeming to submit to it.

5. Resolved, That we have no evidence that Gen. Grant sympathizes with the radical statesmen of the Republican party, and we regard as utter treason to the nation's peace, this heedless, unreasoning and mad idolatry, which would give him the presidency, while no man is able or authorized to tell what are his views on the great national issues.

6. Resolved, That we consider Governor Bullock's nomination for the Chief-Justiceship of Massachusetts of Mr. B. F. Thomas, a man notorious by speech and action, for his bitter opposition to every loyal measure of the first and darkest years of the war, as evidence of the dislike that still lurks in many of the so-called conservatives of the Republican party toward all the anti-slavery action of the last seven years; and we call upon the people to mark such men and beware how they trust any of them in the future with high powers or large responsibilities.

7. Resolved, That we hail the refusal of the Executive Council to confirm this disloyal nomination, accompanied as it was by loudly uttered indignation from so many quarters, as proof that the Commonwealth has largely learned the lesson of the war, intends henceforth to put such executive treachery on the same level with Judge Loring's contempt of law when he returned Burns to slavery, and to see that loyalty to and recognition of impartial liberty shall always inspire the decisions of her courts.

MR. PHILLIPS went on to say that we should avoid the error of the Temperance people, who had lost ground by trusting too much to the mere operation of law. The Republican party was now the dominant party, and their delegates in Congress have of late shown more energy and vigor in their action than heretofore. Their disposition seemed now to be to take guidance from the progressive temper and spirit of the people, rather than follow the lead of individuals or cliques among themselves. The next six months must decide what idea will regulate their policy. In the earlier times of Massachusetts the Representatives and Senators were in constant correspondence with well-informed men at home, and regulated their movements by the knowledge thus gained. And the people now should show interest and determination enough in regard to the public interests to sway Congress in the right direction.

Instead of conciliating Kentucky and Tennessee, we are to conciliate God. As Bacon says, "In this sublunary scene, God and his angels alone are privileged to be spectators. Men and women must work."

Col. HIGGINSON said—I heard the resolutions with pleasure, except perhaps the one relating to Gen. Grant, which seemed too me rather too strong. We meet here still, because, though slavery is dead, its business is not yet settled, its affairs not adjusted.

Col. Higginson said it was an utter delusion to suppose that the soldiers would go with Gen. Grant, whichever side he should take. Their Conventions, held while Gen. Grant's position was more in doubt than now, showed a hesitation in regard to him; and they applauded the idea that a platform was necessary as well as a candidate. If he could see a ghost of a chance to make Charles Sumner President, he would follow up that chance if every military hero in the world was on the other side.

Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, of New York, then came to the platform. He heartily agreed with the sentiments of his friend Wentworth Higginson. To take a race of men out of a brute position, and place them even in the lowest rank of humanity is a most important work. But the case is not yet to do. Our business is with the African. As members of this society we look only at the black man, and observe how politics, reconstruction, candidates, all manner of events and circumstances, affect him. The black man is the person we all have in mind, for whose interest we are occupied, in whose behalf we labor. When we consider how quiet, how peaceful, how orderly, how self-respecting the black man has been, we cannot flatter or patronize him; but there are things belonging to his welfare which we can forward and he cannot. In some respects, he is worse off than in the time of slavery. He is flung out into the world without house or shelter, or land or food. Poor as these supplies were before, it is worse to be quite destitute of them. He is now indeed, a free agent; but he has no merchandise, no money, no hold on public sentiment, no career marked out for him, no law guaranteeing his social position as a man. Now that the war in which he played such an important part is ended, he has no real estate, no fixed position. Mr. Frothingham gave a very amusing account, from his own experience, of the interest which ownership of real estate gives in all the proceedings and operations of society. There is abundance of waste land in the South which the black man should be helped to attain, occupy and cultivate, and as soon as he takes this position he will feel a vital interest in all the movements of the society of which he forms a part. Now, not only has the black man no such aid and security as this, but for exercising the conceded right of voting, they are subject, all over the South, to gross personal abuse, assault, and outrage. Instances of recent occurrence were mentioned. When you give a man in such circumstances the ballot, you simply give him a chance to be knocked down, shot at, flogged, murdered. We must take measures for his protection, by creating a public sentiment which will maintain his rights, and allow him safely to exercise his legal rights. We must educate him, assist him, remove the obstructions placed in his way by our own race.

Friends, we have one important thing yet to do. We have not yet learned to respect man. We despise African human nature and Irish human nature. We honor chiefly success. We can respect the taciturn Major-General who smokes his cigar and answers inquiries with puffs, but the simple, weak, poor man we pass by without sympathy or help.

Mr. Frothingham told an anecdote in the early history of Voltaire, illustrating the oppression inflicted and tolerated where blood, rank, class-privilege overbear the rights of humanity, and said that such abuses must reign until men are esteemed as men, and not chiefly by their accidents. He then went on to speak of the dishonest objections urged against the suffrage of blacks, and suggested the application of such objections to the very numerous class of white people who properly come under them. He did not want an educated suffrage. Would it be well to commit the government of the country to Cambridge? They understand history and political economy. Will they manage better without any suggestions from business men and mechanics, men conversant with the practical working of affairs? No one will say so.

Herbert Spencer said that our danger was from depending too much on book education, to the neglect of practical business knowledge. Mr. Frothingham was much disposed to agree in this idea. We must do this one thing, create a public opinion which will stand on human nature (applause), and bring ourselves to the position of *pure* Democrats, of *pure* Republicans.

AARON M. POWELL, of New York, said he wished to add to the excellent suggestions of Mr. Frothingham that we needed to watch and supervise the political action of the white race. The blacks have not, with a sufficient guarantee, yet attained the suffrage. We are now in as critical a position as any through which we have passed. He would have Congress at once pass a national suffrage law which should abolish all distinction of color at the polls, in every State of the Union, North as well as South. Mr. Sumner, Judge Kelley, and others, were known to be in favor of such a measure. Why had it not, ere this, become a law? In May last, in a neighboring hall, Senator Wilson assured the speaker that the present Congress would meet the ultimatum of the Abolitionists by the adoption of a constitutional amendment guaranteeing to the colored race equal rights with the whites everywhere as American citizens. Why did we hear nothing from Senator Wilson about this amendment? He held Gen. Grant to be more responsible than any other one man in the country that the political status of the colored race had not long since been adjusted upon the basis of justice and an impartial equality with the whites. One honest, earnest word from Gen. Grant at any time the past year in sympathy with the full enfranchisement of the blacks would have turned the scale in favor of radicalism. The word has not yet been spoken. The contingencies of the pending Presidential campaign, with the reticence of Grant, made the most earnest Radicals in the political ranks hesitating and uncertain. It would be folly to leave the important questions before the country to be settled by a new Administration and a new Congress. The work should be promptly and wisely disposed of now. Johnson should be impeached and deposed, and the Executive helm be placed in the hands of Senator Wade for the remaining thirteen important months of the present Presidential term. (Applause.) Our work as Abolitionists, now as heretofore, is not to make or unmake parties, but to critically discriminate and jealously watch, in public affairs, all that pertains to the welfare of our clients, to the end that a just public opinion may guide and control the nation.

Adjourned to 2½ o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.—The PRESIDENT in the chair.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER, in allusion to the old custom of opening public meetings with formal prayer said the only needful devotional preparatio

for our work is to see that our hearts are so pervaded with brotherly love as to make them fit for the entrance and abode of the universal Father. The most effectual appeal to God is by our works to show that we love our brothers as ourselves. He made a beautiful and affecting plea for earnest labor for those of our human brethren who most need help; for the most unfortunate, the most neglected, the most despised, the most repulsive. The negro must be treated as our brother, taken to our hearts, recognized as in all respects our equal; the need of active labor for him is as great now as it has ever been. Slavery is not dead. The sentiment and influence in favor of it is as strong as ever, and we need more vigorous effort than ever to awaken the sleeping community. We all are too peaceful, too quiet; active warfare is the only healthful state for us while such an enemy remains in the field.

Mr. Foster proceeded with a severe arraignment of the church. The clergy pretend to be ambassadors sent from God to men, and ministers of Christ who came to seek and to save the lost. But since the war, as before it, they have been faithless to their duty in relation to the negro. It is not the South alone that needs instruction; the Congregational and Baptist ministers of Connecticut need to be converted from their heathenism. The refusal of suffrage to the blacks in Connecticut and Kansas was disgraceful to the church even more than to the political parties.

Mr. Foster then said that some criticism was needed by our friends as well as our opponents, and that the skirts of Massachusetts were not clear of the guilt which she imputes to Connecticut. If the latter forbids negroes to vote, the former forbids women. He thought reformers, as well as the community, too backward in reformatory action. He declared his desire for universal suffrage. Not only black men and white, but women, should exercise this right. He closed by commending THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANARD to the audience, as a paper which gave itself wholly to the negro's cause, while the *Tribune* and the *Independent* gave, at best, only a corner to that subject.

Mrs. FOSTER spoke a word in commendation of THE STANDARD, showing it superior to all other papers in advocating this cause, inasmuch as THE STANDARD makes no compromise, while the *Tribune*, the *Independent*, and all other papers, not only allot a very moderate space to the claims of the slave, but sacrifice his claims by compromise, for the interests of party or sect.

The Committee on Nominations here reported the following list of officers for the present year:

*President*—JOHN T. SARGENT.

*Corresponding Secretary*—Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, of West Newton.

*Recording Secretary*—Charles K. Whipple, of Boston.

*Counsellors*—Wendell Phillips, Charles E. Hodges, Mrs. Sarah J. Nowell, Mrs. Mary E. Sawyer, Abraham Folsom, Joshua B. Smith, William J. Bowditch, Mrs. Caroline R. Putnam.

*Treasurer*—R. P. Hallowell, of Boston.

*Auditor*—Wm. J. Bowditch.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT was the next speaker. He earnestly offered this precept—Resolve to be free. Let each one maintain the trust of individual freedom which God has given him. It is the consecration of all the powers to freedom that makes the man. Mr. Alcott proceeded, at considerable length, with remarks which had little connection with the subject of the meeting, and the audience became impatient, requiring the interposition of the Chairman to preserve order.

Mr. IRA STEWART said there was no obstacle to reconstruction so formidable as the hatred of the white race for the black; but class-privilege was also a great obstacle. The insincerity of those who oppose negro suffrage was shown by opposition of the same persons to some classes of white suffrage. Mr. Stewart went on to criticise the leaders and organs of the Republican party, as favoring unjust class distinctions. He thought the interests of all working-men, black and white, went together. To get a vote, increases a man's wages, and black as well as whites should have it.

PROF. J. W. TOOHEY, of Boston, acknowledged his debt to the Anti-Slavery Cause as an educating influence. The Irishman in his own home is not a hater of the negro; it is the influence of demagoguism here that has made him so. Mr. Toohey emphatically endorsed the rebuke of the church lately uttered by Mr. Foster, referring to a recent attempt of clergymen in this city to put sectarian limitations of citizenship into the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. TWITCHELL thought there had been too severe criticism of the Church, to sweeping, too unsparing.

REV. JAMES THURSTON wished to bear his testimony in favor of the good and promising character of the Southern blacks, and to claim for them the franchise, both as a right, and as a means of educational development. During his late residence in Wilmington, N. C., as a teacher, he learned to respect and love this race, and to feel more and more sensibly the need of constant effort in their behalf. They show wonderful understanding of the bearing of the political movements of the day, and are making rapid improvement in the branches of study taught them, doing now for their own improvement what the poor white people never attempted before the abolition of slavery.

A gentleman here asked whether Mr. Thurston, who demanded immediate suffrage for the freedmen, would give immediate suffrage to foreign emigrants. Mr. Thurston replied that natives of the country stood on different ground from strangers, who might fairly be supposed to need time to acquaint themselves with the institutions of a new land. (Applause.)

Mr. PHILLIPS said, There are several State Conventions in session to-day, largely composed of colored persons, and doing themselves honor by the activity and intelligence of their movements. If we compare their work with that of the New York State Convention—a body so dilatory and inefficient that its own party is disgusted with it—there will be a presumption of the superiority of black men to white. And yet we hear unending cant on the necessity of education in advance of the ballot. Who is the educated man? Is it he only who has read a certain number of books? If you want to find whether a man is educated, set a dog on him; set his house on fire; place him in new circumstances where self-possession, energy and action are required; if his previous training has not enabled him to meet sudden emergencies, to overcome circumstances, to play a man's part, he is not educated. These gifts come from experience in life far rather than from a college course. The Southern blacks, amid all their disadvantages under slavery, have always been trying to learn, and have made improvement as far as circumstances allowed. They know more than the poor whites around them about the country in which they live; and it was information derived from them, not from the whites, that guided the march of our armies through the Southern country. The blacks knew enough to fight against the rebels; they know enough also to vote against them.

Much complaint had been made, Mr. Phillips said, of his strictures upon General Grant. But the rule of this Society had always been to look at men, things, and courses of policy, from the position of the negro. Would the black men of the country choose for the Presidency one who had given no opinion, who steadily avoided giving an opinion, and of whom no one could say whether he *had* any opinion, in regard to the rights of their race? Gen. Grant was a reticent, taciturn, conservative man. No drop of his blood or fibre of his constitution was Radical. There was a time when by saying ten words, he might have put Radicalism in the White House and fixed negro suffrage in the Constitution. He did not say them. Does this show us nothing of his character? Any blood but that of a fish must have impelled its possessor to speak in such circumstances.

The meeting then adjourned until 7½ o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.—The PRESIDENT in the chair.

The reading of the Resolutions being called for, they were read again by the Chairman of the Business Committee.

Mrs. FOSTER then informed the meeting that Mrs. LUCY STONE intends soon to take the field in this State in lecturing for the Women's cause, and that her first lecture will be given in Boston in the early part of February. She wishes only to have her expenses paid; she can be addressed at Box 299, New York city, by any who wish to call meetings for her.

J. B. SWASEY, Esq., had intended to speak in criticism of the Resolutions, but a second hearing of them left him very few points of objection. Still, having recently returned to the country after a prolonged absence, he had found a most gratifying change in public affairs, which seemed to him to be largely owing to the firmness and good conduct of the Republican party.

Mr. Swasey admired the views set forth by Charles Sumner respecting the status of the rebel States, and admitted the fault of the Republican party in not supporting them; as to impeachment, too, Republicans had been too slack and negligent; perhaps other objections might be made to them; and yet he felt still like adhering to that party, and only wished that his friend Mr. Phillips could help them in Congress. He honored and admired his friends on the anti-slavery platform, though it seemed to him doubtful whether the name anti-slavery was still appropriate to it.

Mr. J. T. EVERETT thought an additional resolution was needed in regard to churches and clergy, who still continue their unfaithful attitude in regard to the colored people. No confession of sin for their past pro-slavery attitude has been heard from them; and no demand now comes from that quarter for the rights which are yet denied to the freedmen throughout the Southern States.

In looking forward to the next great question that lies before us, the question of Woman's rights, we shall be sure to have the clergy arrayed, almost as a body, against us; and we ought not to forget that our testimony in regard to their hostile attitude towards human rights is still needed by a large portion of the community.

Mr. PUTNAM thought the position of the church so obviously anti-reformatory that resolutions against her were superfluous.

Mr. EVERETT thought that large numbers of people still needed a warning against the false pretences of the church.

Mr. FOSTER said he had intended to introduce a resolution against the church, but had changed his plan, and would offer one in its favor, as follows:

Resolved, That I, Stephen S. Foster, conscious of my past neglect of duty to the church and ministry for several years, and feeling deeply mortified and ashamed of my indolence and my shirking of this great responsibility, do this day promise to myself that, God giving me strength and life—and the door opening to me for future labors—I will in the future be more faithful.

This resolution was followed by applause.

AARON M. POWELL offered two resolutions, as follows:

8. Resolved, That we urge Congress to prohibit by immediate legislation the disfranchisement hereafter of any citizen on the ground of race or color in any State or Territory; and to adopt a Constitutional Amendment as an irreversible guarantee of equal citizenship to the colored race.

9. Resolved, That we still urge in the interest of justice, and for the safety, and honor of the nation the impeachment and deposition of the reckless and unscrupulous traitor of the White House, and that the Executive helm may be placed in loyal hands for the remaining fourteen critical months of the present Presidential term.

Mr. PHILLIPS offered a resolution touching the Church, and another on a Constitutional Amendment, as follows:

10. Resolved, That we see no evidence of any hearty repentance by the American church of its guilt toward the negro; and bearing in mind this proof of its corruption, we indulge no hope of any cordial aid from that quarter toward this movement in the perils amid which it makes its way.

11. Resolved, That if it be too late to expect a Constitutional Amendment touching a system of national education, we trust Mr. Senator Sumner's bill for that object will be immediately enacted into a law.

S. S. FOSTER then spoke further in regard to the ordinary clerical theory of prayer, and sternly rebuked the inconsistency of Reverend clergymen who, pretending to be God's ambassadors, asked Him in his own good time, to do a work which they were constantly neglecting and obstructing.

MR. FOSTER vividly painted the true revival of religion, the impulse to work more zealously for the welfare of humanity, especially for the most degraded and neglected forms of it. But, he said, we neglect our own duties. We do not cultivate our spiritual intuitions. The moment we allow hard feeling or even indifference to take possession of our minds, we lose our spiritual power.

MR. PUTNAM explained that he *must* feel contempt for one who would sell his brother; towards him he could feel, and wished to feel, not love, but loathing.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, on coming forward, was received with applause. He replied to the suggestions of his friend Mr. Swasey, that one who had been long absent could not be expected to distinguish the local eddies and currents which had suggested the action of the Radical leaders. He did not doubt the honesty of the great mass of the Republican party, but pointed out in detail how their action was limited by leaders addicted to expediency and compromise, and how it fell short of the energy and promptitude of movement which the times require. One of its faults is that it is willing to accept as a leader such a man as Gen. Grant, a man not pledged, and whom no one is authorized to pledge, to any particular principle, or plan, or policy. A man who has no opinions is not just the timber to make a President of, especially in critical times like these, when precedent and routine afford no guidance. You praise Grant because he offered no obstruction to Stanton's return to the Secretary's chair; well, Fessenden, or Sherman, or Trumbull would have done as much; but would you have Fessenden, or Sherman, or Trumbull for President? You praise Grant as a successful General; but does it accord with your views of success to have loyal men driven from the polls, assaulted and beaten, hunted down, put to death, expressly on account of their loyalty, while the Commander of the Army sits smoking his cigar in Washington? If it was inconvenient for Grant to go to New Orleans, it was always in his power to send Butler. (Great applause.) But outrages like these are still going on in many parts of the Southern country, and Grant seems regardless of them.

Mr. Phillips here drew a powerful contrast between Gen. Grant and Oliver Cromwell, the energy and vigilance of whose rule were such as to make the name of Englishman a protection among all civilized nations. No British subject was too poor or too weak to have his wrongs considered and his protection guaranteed, while Cromwell remained in power. Would he have allowed loyalists to be outraged and murdered by rebels without punishment or inquiry, or interference of any sort? Mr. Phillips then proceeded to describe the policy of those who now seem disposed to make Gen. Grant their candidate.

The pusillanimity of the Republican party has already brought loss as well as disgrace upon themselves. If they had been true to the negro they would not have lost the States of Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky. If they continue to prove false to the blacks, the party will go to ruin. A party should have some principle and stand by it. The Republicans ought long ago to have put Sherman, Trumbull, Fessenden and the other obstructionists out of the way. Do you ask what shall we do? Try to do better. Give the next nomination to a man whose *life* pledges him to you—not his words only. And when you attack the treacherous President, do it *directly*, by impeachment—not by undermining and circumventing.

Mr. Phillips then pointed out the blunder of the Republican leaders in the Civil Tenure bill, and the new Reconstruction laws, trying to take away the President's powers one by one. If they think he is not fit to govern, why is not direct impeachment the proper course? But no, they thought, "We will be cunning about it; we will not impeach, but we will destroy by degrees; we will do it all without stirring up any unnecessary agitation." What have they accomplished by this? They have stirred up the snakes of the Supreme Court; they then put forth another bill to try to conquer that. But the Supreme Court is an institution of which the American people are very tender. They don't like to see the Chief Judiciary of the land meddled with. It will produce a strong feeling against the party.

The Republicans have failed through their own blunder. If one direct and above-board effort had been made, the President would have been removed, the people would have sustained the action, the crisis would have been safely passed. If Johnson is unfit to hold the powers of President, why not still impeach him. The course now pursued is not statesmanlike; it is letting down the enthusiasm of the nation. Neither will the matter be amended by putting Grant in the chair.

Mr. Phillips then read a resolution of thanks to the ladies who had aided the cause by serving at the refreshment tables, thus enabling out-of-town friends to get their dinner and tea without going out into the wet streets.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be presented to those ladies who have so cordially devoted their time and labor to our social entertainment by presiding at the tables through the day.

Mr. Swasey resumed his defence of Gen. Grant, dissenting from the contrast drawn between him and Cromwell, because the latter was principal and the former subordinate.

Mr. Phillips replied that Grant did practically possess supreme power, since, if he had contested Johnson's conduct, the latter must have submitted. In any actual conflict between Grant and Johnson, the people would promptly and decisively have supported the former.

Mr. Swasey continued his apology for Grant for a short time, and then the resolutions previously offered were unanimously adopted, and the Society adjourned.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, Secretary.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.


## The National Anti-Slavery Standard

FOR 1868.

Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured. The old controversy has not been definitely ended. It has again passed from the bloody arena of the battle-field to the sphere of politics and diplomacy. The last elections present a fearful record of unrelenting prejudice against the colored race. They have revived the forlorn hopes and renewed the desperate energies of the discomfited rebels at the South. We had fondly hoped that we were well nigh at the end of the struggle for equal freedom, irrespective of color, but through treachery, and the want of enlightened, conscientious statesmanship we are involved in a conflict of still momentous importance. Many politicians who, during the war, were willing to accept the services and to advocate the enfranchisement of colored men, now as the temptations of the presidential year approach, disgracefully surrender and abandon their cause. So too the popular churches and clergy are relaxing their interest for, and diminishing their co-operation with the freedmen, and excusing themselves on the score of disinclination for "political preaching," they ally themselves as formerly with "conservatism" and the dominant spirit of prejudice against race.

Under these circumstances it is of the greatest importance to have a thoroughly Radical, independent journal, which, like THE STANDARD, may speak freely and fearlessly for justice and impartial freedom, with nothing to gain or lose by party triumphs or losses. During the past year our circulation has steadily increased with each month. Frequent calls for the paper come to us of late from the South. THE STANDARD now goes regularly each week to Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Richmond and at other points in the South. We have arrangements in progress for its general introduction to the notice of the leading colored men and white Radicals throughout the South the present year. The importance of an intelligent alliance between uncompromising Radicals at the North and their coadjutors at the South can scarcely be over-estimated in the present condition of national affairs.

WENDELL PHILLIPS will continue as the past year an editorial writer for the columns of THE STANDARD. It will also be the medium through which his lectures and addresses, as revised by himself, will be given to the public. Other able writers will contribute regularly to its columns. We shall continue to present a department of choice literary miscellany, and while chiefly devoted to the consideration of the freedom and well-being of the colored race, our columns will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the rights of women, temperance, education, etc.

The period through which we are now passing is one of the most critical thus far in our national experience. Though the late reverses in the elections may dishearten those whose dependence is upon the Republican party, it should be borne in mind that it has been, and still is, the high prerogative of Abolitionists to create the opinion which makes and unmakes parties in the service of freedom.

We appeal earnestly and confidently therefore to all friends to unite heartily with us in an effort to extend the circulation of THE STANDARD as the emergency of the cause it represents demands.

### PREMIUMS.

We offer our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either of the following very desirable books:

**Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters." 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.**

**Lydia Maria Child's "Romance of the Republic." 442 pages—price $2.50.**

**Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court. 498 pages—price $2.50.**

AARON M. POWELL, Editor of THE STANDARD, will speak at Newtown Hall, Newtown, Buck's County, Pennsylvania, February 8th, at 7½ p.m.; and at Pineville Hall the following day (Sabbath) at 2½ p.m. The vital questions of the day will be treated, and the interest of the occasions added to by the presence at both meetings of JOSHUA HUTCHINSON, who will give some of the choice songs so familiar to the public. W. P. T.

MISS SALLIE HOLLEY will speak in the *Universalist Church*, in Concord, New Hampshire, Feb. 2d, at 2½ p.m. We trust that our friends in Concord will give her the welcome to which she is justly entitled.

## *GENERAL GRANT.*

THIS is an Anti-Slavery journal. Looking out on politics as the negro looks on them, it deals with public men and measures only as they are true or false to him.

But experience has abundantly proved, even before the existence of the present Administration, that only temperate men can safely be trusted with grave responsibilities. Temperance is the substratum of all other reforms. How sad the result, when power is given to men who are wont "to put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains," this war has most impressively shown us.

Now rumors reach us from Washington, coming from different and trustworthy sources, that Gen. Grant has been seen unmistakably drunk in the streets of that city within a few weeks. We know nothing ourselves of the truth of these rumors. We make no charge against Gen. Grant in this respect. But even the possibility of the truth of these reports is of too momentous importance to be lightly dealt with. The Nation is bound to inquire as to the habits of candidates for high office. After the experience of the last three years it has no right to run the slightest risk in this respect. No public man, whose friends are asking for him high office, ought to complain of the strictest scrutiny by the public as to his habits in this particular.

We call, therefore, on the National and State Temperance Societies to investigate these reports. They have this subject in their special charge. They are bound to give us the facts, and save us from even the possibility of such another infliction as the Nation now suffers. Especially we call on the Hon. Henry Wilson, a pledged teetotaler, to see that the whole truth in this matter is given to the country. He has devoted himself to the advocacy of Grant's claims. As a temperance man, he is bound to see that we run no risks of this kind. Living in Washington, he must know, or have ample means of knowing, the truth as to this matter. If we are unnecessarily anxious, let him relieve us by trustworthy assurances that Grant is now a temperate man, fully able, on all occasions, to withstand this temptation. If the fact is not so, let him explain to his temperance associates how he dares to ask their votes for Grant. It is perilous enough to give the Presidency to a man who was, confessedly, an inveterate drunkard two or three years ago. But it will be the gravest crime to give it to him if that vice still holds him in its iron grasp.

Of course fidelity to the negro must be our first and decisive test of any man's fitness for the Presidency. But this test of temperance is also vital.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

## *EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.*

BOSTON, January 25, 1868.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ANNIVERSARIES just held here have been of a most gratifying and encouraging character. The Subscription Festival on Wednesday evening was well attended. The contributions were liberal and generous. As a social reunion, including a large number of the old and long-tried co-workers in the great anti-slavery conflict, with many new and earnest friends, it was a delightful occasion. We will leave to others a detailed account of the proceedings. The addresses by Messrs. Frothingham, Higginson and Phillips were listened to with much apparent satisfaction. The selections read by Miss Ellery, a young and talented candidate for popular favor, were warmly appreciated, as was also the singing by some volunteer vocalists. The addition this year of material refreshments served the double purpose of increasing the social and festive character of the occasion, and of swelling its pecuniary results. Mercantile Hall on Thursday was well filled during the day and evening by very attentive audiences in attendance upon the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

While the still powerful miscalled "Democratic" party again seeks political supremacy by cruelly stimulating the unjust prejudice against colored people, and conservative Republicans hope to promote their own party ends by ignoring the rights of the victim race, and the great majority of the clergy and churches are content now as in former days, to "pass by on the other side" and leave to their cruel fate those who have "fallen among thieves," it is very grateful to all who have at heart the well-being of those for whose freedom and elevation we have labored in years past, to see here, as at similar anniversary meetings held by the Pennsylvania Abolitionists in Philadelphia late in Autumn, indications of a renewed and increased interest and zeal in our work. We have all been more or less confident, from the magnitude of the recent events in our nation's history, that the final consummation of our struggle in an assured and guaranteed equality of the blacks with ourselves, was very near at hand. With this conviction uppermost, only the most discerning, thoughtful and conscientious have felt the importance of vigilant effort and hearty co-operation until they, our clients, were actually "out of the woods." The adverse results of the October and November elections, to be accepted not so much as a "reaction," as a revelation of the real situation in regard to the rights of the negro, have served largely to dispel the illusions of the over-sanguine in regard to the nearness of the end of the "irrepressible conflict." None could exceed ourselves in the feeling of gratitude if all we have hoped for had been achieved. But the events and tendencies of the present hour indicate only too plainly and painfully that the hateful spirit of slavery still lives, to torture in innumerable ways its victims, to jeopardize the nation's welfare, and if possible to so control events as to resurrect itself in form. We should be appalled and disheartened, therefore, if we did not see, as among the Abolitionists of New England and of Pennsylvania, and on the part of our constituents scattered elsewhere throughout the North, West and South, a determination to put on the armor anew, and to bear aloft, at any cost, to complete victory the banner of impartial justice and equal rights for the colored race. Such was the spirit which animated the meetings just held here; such is the spirit of the true and faithful anti-slavery men and women everywhere. Nothing is more mischievous than the common, superficial, flippant assumption of thoughtless, indifferent, selfish people, and of unscrupulous demagogues that "slavery is dead;" that freedom has already been achieved for the negro, and that he may therefore properly be left to shift for himself, to share such a destiny as his murderous oppressors may be able to fashion for him. As the weeks pass by, it becomes much more apparent to large numbers of people that it is not true (except in a nominal sense) as with Dickens's Marley, that "slavery is dead to begin with."

On the question of the Presidency, we find among Bostonians the distrust which everywhere exists, even in private, among those who publicly figure in the clubs which bear his name, of the fitness of Gen. Grant as a candidate. Men who have any conscience do not even pretend in private to any faith in Grant on the negro question, except in so far as he may be afterward "controlled" if he be elected. It is to be hoped that these men will have tried the experiment of "controlling" a President long enough before May to prevent their making or consenting to a nomination upon so uncertain a contingency.

Another important inquiry as to his fitness as a candidate, likely soon to have to be met by Grant or his friends, is one which arises among Temperance people from frequent late reports of his growing habit of shameful intoxication. Whether these are true or false we neither know nor affirm, but we earnestly hope our friend, the Rev. Theodore Cuyler and his associates of the National Temperance Association, will cause a competent and trustworthy committee to inquire and report to the nation upon the habits of Gen. Grant, or any other who may be nominated as a Presidential candidate, in this very important particular.

One of the latest of the new books issued here is Gail Hamilton's "Woman's Wrongs," published by Ticknor & Fields. The first part is devoted to answering the Rev. Dr. Todd, who has lately assumed the part of a modern St. Paul toward women. The last half gives the author's views of woman's rights and wrongs. In affirming her own views she says many good things. She would have no distinction of either color or sex in the exercise of the franchise. But she would make education, and the possession of property, test for all. In this we think she is in error. She shows, and we think wisely, that *merely* the possession of the ballot will not bring the millennium to woman, though it is her undoubted right. Her treatment of the problem of the poor and suffering women of the large cities, indicates a want of experience and knowledge, or too much indifference to their terrible condition. The book awakens here, as it will with many readers elsewhere, considerable thought and discussion and will do good.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Lucy Stone is about to enter upon a vigorous campaign in this State to secure, if possible, from the Legislature now in session, an initial step for an amendment of the State Constitution, to extend the ballot to women upon equal terms with men; and especially to gain at once for women a position upon boards of education, etc., in accordance with the recent excellent suggestion upon this subject by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke. Mrs. Stone will, we understand, have the hearty co-operation of Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, Mr. Stephen S. Foster, and others interested in the work. We trust that much will be accomplished to forward the cause of woman's rights in this grand old Commonwealth.

Through the kindness of our friend Mr. Redpath, we have enjoyed greatly a visit at L. Prang & Co.'s chromo-lithograph establishment in this city. We were shown in detail the wonderful process of making or reproducing *ad infinitum*, and with comparatively little cost, most beautiful pictures. We will not attempt here a description, but refer our readers to one which recently appeared upon the fourth page of THE STANDARD. We mention Mr. Prang and his chromos (some of them exquisitely beautiful), to commend the democratic spirit with which he prosecutes his work, and to express our gratification that some one has perfected a process by which the beautiful may do its work as a teacher and refiner in many thousands of habitations where more costly pictures could never go. We have noticed the objection by some pretentious critics that these pictures are likely to vitiate the public taste and spoil the relish for the higher grade, and more elaborate works of art. As well object to the increase of newspapers, magazines and cheap books as of a hurtful tendency in their relation to the highest order of literature. The more readers there are for such as even the average of our journals and cheap publications, and the larger the number of homes into which such pictures as we have alluded to can, from their cheapness penetrate, the better it will be for the people, and the more certain the success of our experiment in trying to achieve a Democratic government.

A. M. P.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 28th, 1868.

DEATH OF JAMES MOTT.

THE *Tribune* of yesterday brings the sad announcement of the death, on the 26th inst., in Brooklyn, of our beloved friend, JAMES MOTT. He was in his eightieth year. His has been a long life of great usefulness. For years he has been a pillar of strength in the Anti-Slavery cause, and was, at the time of his death, the honored and venerated President of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. In the days of its feebleness and great unpopularity, when few could be found to patiently tolerate its claims and fewer still to give it manly aid and encouragement, our cause had in him one of its truest and most steadfast friends. Such he has ever continued to be. Less widely known as a public teacher than his fondly cherished and gifted companion, his words were always weighty and influential. They were wisely and fitly spoken, and were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." As one of the fathers in our ranks, though he had exceeded by ten years the alloted three score and ten," we can ill afford to spare him from our midst. The last years of his life have been largely consecrated to the dissemination—in the Society of Friends, of which he was a member, and beyond its limits, especially among the young people—of his views of truth and duty in relation to freedom, peace, temperance, and a well-ordered religious life. Every good and benevolent enterprise shared his sympathy, and counted with certainty upon him as a helper. In going hence, to the next sphere of life, fully ripe for the change, he leaves, with an affectionate family circle, very many friends, and with all who knew him a fondly cherished memory and a rich legacy, in the example of his unselfish, consistent, upright and well-spent life. As a husband his has been the rarest of human relationships. May she with whom it has been shared, in the faith

"That Life is ever Lord of Death,"

still realize her wonted strength and support.

A. M. P.

## *OBITUARY.*

JAMES MOTT.

THE announcement of the death of this eminently good man will be to many hearts a knell of personal bereavement. Not only they who have lived in the light and warmth of his beautiful home-life, but many, many others, on whom that light and warmth were generously bestowed, and many others, still, who felt the inspiring influence of his pure and lofty character, will mourn a friend departed. Very deeply shall we who have so long labored with him to lift up the enslaved colored man to his rightful position, feel the irreparable loss which we have sustained. Very sadly shall we miss his venerable and noble presence when we gather in the Anniversary Meetings over which, for so many years, he presided. Very painfully will his fellow-members of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society feel their bereavement of the beloved and honored Chairman, whose wisdom, and strength, and gentleness and patience, inspired their counsels through the dark and bright days of that cause to which he was faithful until death.

From the day when he signed the Declaration of Sentiments of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at its organization, in Philadelphia, in 1833, and thus enlisted in the defence of the most unpopular moral reform of this age and country, until the hour when he heard the summons, "Come up higher!" he was ever found calm, steadfast and strong, in the fore-front of the conflict. And long before this consolidated opposition to slavery arose in this nation, he was bearing a characteristic and earnest testimony against it, in various ways, one of which was by relinquishing the traffic in slave-grown cotton, and in abstinence from the use of that and other articles produced by the labor of slaves.

But no words of grateful and loving friends can portray the character of such a man; nor depict the beauty of his cheerful old age, the fitting crown of a life of rare integrity and purity, of overflowing kindliness, undoubting faith and filial trust—a truly Christian life.

M. G.

THE Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will hold a meeting on Monday, the 3d of February, at three and a quarter p.m., at 333 Walnut street, commemorative of the death of the President of the Society, James Mott.

## *PERSONAL.*

Garibaldi is said to be such an admirer of Whittier that he commits every new poem to memory.

Ella Soule, a young girl of fifteen, has been lecturing on Temperance with success in Ohio.

Solon Robinson, late of the N. Y. *Tribune*, is spending the winter in Florida for the benefit of his health.

Charles Dickens while in Washington will be the guest of Senator Sumner.

Anna Dickinson has been greeted with great enthusiasm in filling her recent lecturing engagements throughout the West.

Charles Morris, the English author of the popular poem, Jason, is wealthy and writes only to gratify a cultivated taste.

"The Colored Man as a Moral and Political Force" is the title of an able lecture which Mrs. F. W. Harper is delivering with success in the South.

Horace Greeley will celebrate his fifty-seventh birthday on the 3d of February by lecturing before Hamilton College on "Self Made Men."

The Rev. Edward C. Towne, who recently resigned his pastoral charge at Medford, Mass., has accepted an invitation to the editorship of the literary department of the Chicago *Tribune*.

Knox College, at Galesburg, Ill., has a genuine Gaboon African in its junior class, who stands well in mathematics, leads in languages and general culture, and has no social inequality to complain of in the treatment he receives from the families in the city.

A correspondent writing to THE STANDARD says: "I heard a very interesting lecture on the evening of the 23d inst., in Philadelphia, by Robt. Dale Owen. Subject, the 'Law of Kindness.' The interest of the occasion was greatly added to by the singing (with melodeon accompaniment) of Joshua Hutchinson, who kindly gave some of his choice songs with all the old sweetness of execution."

Renan receives from his publishers one franc for every copy sold of his "Life of Jesus." The sales the first year following publication amounted to eight hundred thousand copies. He also receives a certain additional sum for an abridged edition of the work. He lives in a very modest style, and is said to be indifferent to the luxurious vanities of the times. His wife, daughter of Ary Schaffer, brought him no other dowry than a brilliant name. His forthcoming work "The Apostles" is to be delayed in publication until after the appearance of a volume of his essays.

The Richmond (Va.) *Examiner* gives the following account of the reception of a colored member of the Virginia Convention by Gen. Grant. If true, it is very significant:

The President of the Convention recently appointed a committee of five to wait on Gen. Grant and invite him to visit the Convention. On this committee a mulatto named Kelso was appointed. When the committee reached the house at which Gen. Grant is stopping, the white members of the committee were invited up to the parlor, and Kelso was left to cool his limbs in the hall. He is one of the most respectable-looking negroes in the Convention, dresses well, and is certainly as well worthy of respect as any negro that could have been appointed.

## Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, January 27th, 1868.

LAST week gave us an unusual allowance of good meetings; in fact, such eminent "means of grace" that we ought to have, forthwith, a "revival" of true religion. More religion (of the right sort) is always needed in Boston, as elsewhere; but a counterfeit article, manufactured and issued by the dealers in sectarian theology, has of late had such currency here that it is a real comfort to see the genuine article occasionally presented.

On Wednesday morning was held the monthly meeting of the Free Religious Club, an occasion always of great interest. As an Anti-Slavery anniversary was to be celebrated that evening, and another the next day, we had the great privilege of an attendance of some of the faithful of that communion, among whom were Aaron M. Powell and his wife, of New York, and Stephen S. and Abby K. Foster of Worcester.

A very able paper was read by Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham, of your city, on "The Historical Position of Jesus." He distinguished between the actual man, Jesus, and that ideal being, painted by tradition and mythology with such gorgeous and varied colors, "The Christ." After the reading, as usual, comments were made by those who chose, either upon the Essay, or upon some branch or view of the subject treated by it, and many interesting and instructive remarks of a theological sort were made; but your correspondent was most gratified by two admirable statements of the *religious* aspect of the question, made by Rev. John Weiss of Watertown, and Aaron M. Powell of New-York. Each of them, in his own impressive manner, set forth the truth, that Jesus was most fitly recognized and honored by living the life of service to mankind that he led, helping the needy, as he enjoined, putting in practice his great central idea that love to the Father is best shown by deeds of kindness to the brother or sister who stands in need; they called attention to the fact that while others had given fine precepts and led beautiful lives, *his* peculiar glory was in devoting himself to human service, in seeking out the lost, that he might save them, in distinguishing the *most* neglected and hopeless as those who should be first and most cared for. It was "*the least* of these my brethren" that he most assidiously presented as the proper objects of thought and help; and were he now on earth and in this land, we cannot doubt that he would recogize *the negro* as the special representative of need, and object of fraternal aid. If we would "Stand up for Jesus," we must stand by the negro. If we would help Jesus when hungry, athirst, sick, destitute, scourged, imprisoned, we must see him in the negro's face. It is by helping the negro in *all* the phases and particulars of his present necessity that we shall best deserve the verdict—

"They did unto one of His;
They did it unto Him."

The second of the meetings to which I referred was the Anti-Slavery Subscription Festival, held on Wednesday evening, January 22d, in Horticultural Hall. It has been customary, you know, since the old-time Anti-Slavery Bazaar was discontinued, for the ladies representing "the cause" in and around Boston to arrange a place where the free-will offerings of its friends can be handed in, to bring together there various objects of interest and attraction, and to make a joyous social gathering where the veterans of Abolitionism may meet each other and greet also such new friends as feel moved to labor in the same field. Their labors on this occasion met with complete success. Beautiful flowers were sent to decorate the hall, two large and fine landscape paintings were lent by their proprietors for the same purpose, and a bountiful supply of ice-cream, coffee and cake was sent (given, as I understand) by Mr. Joshua B. Smith, who has often helped the helpers of the cause in like manner.

The attendance of friends in and around Boston, with some from more distant places, nearly filled the pleasant hall. After allowing time for social greetings, a letter from Mrs. L. Maria Child was read, inclosing fifty dollars in aid of the cause, declaring the conviction of her husband and herself that active labor in its behalf was still imperatively required, and expressing—but of course you will print the letter. At intervals in the course of the evening, addresses full of interest were made by Wendell Phillips, Rev. O. B. Frothingham of New York, and Col. Higginson of Newport, R. I. Readings and recitations, in prose and poetry, were given by Miss Josephine Ellery, a very skilful teacher of elocution, whose success has been so great in private trials of her art that she intends, I understand, soon to give public readings. The pleasures of the evening were further varied by songs and hymns at appropriate intervals, and a hum of lively conversation, partially hushed by the speaking, reading and singing, swelled louder on the ear whenever these ceased. And,

throughout the evening, sundry of the lady managers sat at their tables at the receipt of custom, the collections, as I understand, amounting to nearly twenty-five hundred dollars. This is a good sum, considering the hardness of the times and the many calls in other departments of benevolence and reform; but how much more is needed for the vastness of the work before us.

The next day, Thursday, came the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. This was held in Mercantile Hall, where a good audience came together, morning, afternoon and evening. Of the details of these meetings I need not speak, as, no doubt, an official report has already reached you. The resolutions were good and thorough, pointing out the chief dangers to which the cause of freedom is now exposed, declaring the particulars in which the nation, and the leaders of its various parties and sects, are yet unfaithful to their duties, and stimulating all lovers of liberty and righteousness to renewed efforts for justice to the black men of the South.

The attendance was good in quality as well as good in number. There seemed not a single representative of that old-time throng, half pious church-members and half profane rowdies, who used to sit and stand in the rear of our meetings for the purpose of disturbing them. All who were present on this occasion seemed to have come to hear, and they gave earnest attention and discriminating applause.

And they were all repaid for attendance and attention. The speaking was of a high order of merit. Indeed, throughout the three sessions, there was but one extended address of an irrelevant character. Differences of opinion were, as usual, frankly expressed, but there was a delightful unity of heart. The speakers carried the audience with them in sympathy with the black loyalists of the South, and in a feeling that our part as Abolitionists will not be done until they have entered on the quiet and assured possession of every right, civil and political. Of the many excellent speeches that were made, it will not be thought invidious if I designate two which were listened to with eminent satisfaction; that of Mr. Frothingham, who, in claiming the right of suffrage for the negro, showed the moral influence and the educational force developed by the exercise of that right; and that of Stephen S. Foster, who spoke most impressively of the *religious* obligations involved in our treatment of the colored race.

During these sessions, the ever assiduous Sallie Holley took opportunities to ask subscriptions for The Standard, which, I am happy to hear, she obtained in considerable number.

The course of the pulpit in this land has in the main, been up to the time of the rebellion, so grossly unfaithful in regard to slavery, and so very large a proportion of ministers (both individually and in association) have chosen to tolerate that institution rather than oppose it, that we ought to be careful to mention the exceptional cases of anti-slavery testimony from that quarter. Rev. Leonard Withington, of Newburyport, vouches for such an instance as having occurred in that town as long ago as 1774. The preacher was Nathan Niles, sometimes called "Reverend," because he was a preacher, sometimes "Honorable," because he was a member of Congress, and sometimes "Judge," because he presided in the Supreme Court of Vermont. The sermon, on civil liberty, seems to have been a patriotic and political one, and the only sentence in it bearing against slavery was the following: "How can we be consistent, how can we be indignant at the tyranny of Great Britain, when we are holding our fellow-creatures in bondage?" Dr Withington supposes that this brief testimony against slavery was the first given by any clergyman in the country. It seems to have been fixed in his memory by the fact that a leading member of the congregation who owned a slave asked him the next morning (perhaps considering the Sabbath unfit for secular business) whether he wished to be free. Receiving promptly an affirmative answer, the master said: "You are free. After hearing that sermon, and remembering that we are fighting for our liberties, I find it impossible to retain you in bondage if you want to be free."

I incline to think that the noble anti-slavery testimony of Rev. Dr. Hopkins at Newport was in advance of this, but the date of it has escaped me.

North.

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### *THE BOSTON FESTIVAL AND MEETINGS.*

LETTER FROM MISS CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

Boston, January 24, 1868.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

The Anti-Slavery Festival, held in this city on the 22d inst., was exceedingly pleasant and a truly gratifying occasion in every way to the old friends and new, tied by sympathy and devotion to this high and just work.

We met this year under the benignant favor of the goddesses of fruits and flowers in the new Horticultural Hall, Tremont street, a cheerful place, and even a little nearer the State House than Music Hall, where the great masters Beethoven, and Bach, were wont to lend their countenance while we acted our part in the celestial harmonies of right and justice.

The snow storm propitiously ceased before the morning and the paths of the Common and side-walks were duly shovelled for walking comfort, for you know time and power permit in this delightful town to walk to every accessible place, which your city of Babylonish extent prevents.

We showed our Providence friends the way to Chestnut st. in the morning, for the meeting of the Radical Club gave us two bites at this Festival Cherry.

There you would have heard that loving and beautiful tribute Mr. Frothingham paid to Mr. Furness, and naming as first of all the virtues, gifts and services of his rich nature, that he had always been true "to the greatest moral question of the age," and is not this the reason why Mr. Furness has been the profoundest interpreter of the Life and Spirit of Jesus, of all the two hundred writers Mr. Frothingham said had attempted it in the last thirty years?

But it is time we were under the gas-lights, among the flowers. We clasp first the hand of our California friend, Miss Atkins, of Dio Lewis's school, who, since she taught us Botany, has been in Japan and curious Foreign parts—visited the King of Siam and his Christian-named wife Harriet Beecher Stowe, and after London and the Paris Exposition, finds herself for the first time in her life in a Boston Anti-Slavery meeting.

In the old Fugitive Slave law days we had made Christmas offerings together at Levi Coffins's Colored Orphan Asylum in Cincinnati, where that good friend of the hunted slave once received the terrible consignment of a box, with a dead man, stifled for want of air. He would try to escape slavery with such awful hazard, though warned and begged not to. If any one rejoices that these dreadful days are over, and thinks the work done, let him read the touching letter of a colored man in Virginia to Mr. Phillips, entreating him to beg and plead for them still, for they are beaten and shot like dogs, and he could bring North a poor girl whipped and burned, her skin off of her, by her old master.

It is singular how this passage has run from a pen only set to tell of a festival. But as Mr. Frothingham, in his nobly earnest and charming speech, said, there is still such peril and sad wrong to the victim race as to leave us scarce any room for mirth.

The formal announcement that the evening was opened, was made in behalf of the ladies, who were ready to see the guests at the Refreshment tables handsomely and conveniently laid at one end of the hall. The tables were bright with the splendid silver urns, and elegant china services of the famous Boston caterer, J. B. Smith. His generous offerings, and Mrs. Smith's kind and careful attendance at her beautiful table, were a great help and pleasure to the success of the evening. At this table you took your ice cream from the hand of Miss Forten, the bright and graceful contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Those articles about the Sea Islands, Whittier admired and we all found so interesting. Among the guests were other writers to the *Atlantic*—Mr. Wasson whom we welcomed on the floor in conversation, and Col. Higginson, who gave us the last brilliant speech from the platform after the singing of the Port Royal songs. A word of lively, eager chat, and friendly greetings went on between the intervals of the exercises that drew the company platform-ward, when Miss Ellery recited Mr. Sargent's eloquent hymn, "They bide their time," and again when Mr. Frothingham spoke he made a plea for The Standard so neat and clear in statement it ought to be published with every number, answering with keenest point and successful conviction every objection ever made to the necessity or use of this journal with which he was as familiar as if he had been a canvasser last Summer for the premium bond.

People said they were *convinced* already. They did'nt need its arguments. "Was ever anybody too much convinced?" All the papers were Anti-Slavery now, and a separate one was superfluous. But the *Tribune*, excellent paper, was a news-paper and could only publish what was in a newspaper's line. The *Independent* was a *religious* paper, and could not go out of its way. Then here was the *Commonwealth*, a fine paper, but it was a political paper. Whatever protest it made, it was reduced to practice with its party.

The Standard was unfailingly true in every column, a paper with nothing but the African in it—an imperative necessity—aside from the serious argument so feebly hinted at here. Mr. F—— showed in a vein of exquisite irony how he answered people when they declined to take The Standard.

Miss Ellery gave in a very spirited way a scene from "Domby and Son"—The Separation of Susan Nipper from her beloved Miss Floy after Mrs. Pipchin was commanded to give her warning. She only wanted Susan's *black* eyes instead of her own blue, to be complete, as she gave cold, hard-hearted Mr. Dombey a piece of her mind.

Miss E. had the honor to have a noble, beautiful woman applaue her. How lovely it is to hear this lady declare, "The Anti-Slavery Cause is *my* cause. *That is the one I shall always help.* My other benevolence is private. And so she came with her always equally generous sister, to give us joy with her captivating presence, and loving sympathy and money. Thus, side by side sat the representatives of the most cultured and refined, and those who bring from the hill slopes and valleys of New England "the honest home-bred virtues of the race." What other cause breaks up prejudice, pride, and caste like this? Blending the common worth of humanity in such high practical aims?

How delighted they all crowded to hear Mr. Phillips! After paying a splendid tribute to Mrs. L. Maria Child, telling of her earliest efforts in this way for the cause, he read her and her husband's letter of cheer and God-speed, accompanied by their gift of $50.

Frederick Douglass sent a hearty letter and $50.

All the meetings of yesterday were full in every sense. The speeches were admirable. Mr. Powell, near the close of the morning session, made a stirring address, showing how anxiously he eyes the signs of the times. He said no one knew when we should have another Presidential election. The old faithful warnings may be as apropo now, Col Higginson reminded us, as they were before the war, when its prospect was discerned by but few of the more prophetic Jeremiahs.

Mr. Frothingham gave great delight and intense interest by his morning speech. So did Mr. Phillips. He spoke so convincingly of the greater influence and power of public opinion of private individuals than that of Congressmen. If Mr. Swasey had heard him he might not have wished so warmly to see "that man" in Congress as he expressed in the evening.

C. F. P.

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### *A GLIMPSE AT THE STANDARD BEARERS.*

LETTER FROM MISS LILLIE B. CHACE.

Valley Falls, R. I., Jan. 26th, 1868.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

Wednesday afternoon, the 22d inst., at about half-past four, p.m., we entered Horticultural Hall, on Tremont street, in our modern Athens. Tired with our wanderings through the snow-clogged streets, we had come early to the Hall, and anxious to make the time pass pleasantly, with the sense of usefulness, C. and I were soon busy arranging into little bouquets the flowers spread before us for the purpose.

Although the Festival was not to open until six, one person after another came dropping in, and at last Mrs. S., who semed the presiding genius of the festal hour, assigned posts of service to Mrs. M. and myself. We squeezed behind a table, in uncomfortable proximity to a register pouring forth its feverish breath, and a dusky waiter placed before each of us a pot, the one of tea, the other of coffee. We soon found our table surrounded by ladies and gentlemen anxious to obtain the cups "that cheer but not inebriate." Now a difficulty arose. My innocent friend, Mrs. M., had diffidently handed out her cups of coffee without demanding the price, and consequently had given out a number of "drinks" without return, and in the confusion of the moment, she knew not to whom. Just then up came Mrs. S., anxious to see if our pecuniary matters were all right. Fortunately business came more naturally to me, and I had handed out the beverage, with the remark, "ten cents a cup," uttered in a slightly *suggestive* tone. But people who attend Anti-Slavery Festivals, as a rule, are honest, and soon the delinquents brought in their ten cent pieces, and peace was restored to our minds.

But a busy time it was—not exactly the kind of work Mrs. M. and I had anticipated when we offered our services. Mrs. S. had then told us we might take round the refreshments to the gentlemen, and we had gleefully determined upon the great and illustrious ones whom we should honor with our attendance. And now we were obliged to stand behind a table and wait for the great and illustrious to come to *us*, and sometimes they preferred to go to the table, where a more substantial repast was offered them than we furnished. Still, it was fun. We experienced such a relish for dealing out commodities and receiving greenbacks in return, that I fear Mr. Phillips was right, when later in in the evening, he denounced one of us as "mercenary" in the extreme.

Would you like to see some of our customers? It is delightful to call them "ours" in any sense. The press of the work is over. People have eaten and drank to the extent of their desires. We slip out from behind our table, leaving some volunteers to guard the post, and mingle with the crowd. Come with me in your fancy, and let me point out a few interesting characters:

"Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott stalks in a dream,
And fancies himself in thy groves, Academe,
With the Parthenon nigh, and the olive trees o'er him,
And never a fact to perplex him, or bore him."

A tall, slender form, a kindly, homely face, blue eyes and shadowy, white hair, prince of mystics and dreamers, as he walks, he draws after him the homage of all hearts that reverence the white crown of age, purity and prophetic thought. That brilliant-looking woman, past her first youth, with dark, fascinating eyes, is Louisa Alcott, author of "Moods," that book which even if you try to dislike it, as I did, and rebel against its theories ever so *decidedly*, still lingers in the memory as a wild, fitful dream of woman's changeful nature, and the deep truth and tenderness of manly men.

But, stop a moment; for John T. Sargent calls the crowd to order, and a youthful reader essays her powers to please an indulgent audience. Or now a boy's voice, sweet and clear, rings out a fearless solo to the listening groups. Ah! look there, that small, compactly built man with clear, flushed face, in conversation with an earnest-faced woman of middle age, is the Rev. David A. Wasson. He is lamenting the universal corruption of the social and commercial life of this century. His heart and trust almost fail him, so heavy seem these clouds of evil. His companion is urging him to expose the wickedness he sees; but he answers that he tries in vain to do so—that none will hear him, so wide-spread is this moral degradation. The woman, who talks with him is Abby Kelley Foster, who in the bloom of her youth took upon her soul the sufferings of the slave, and with the courage of Joan of Arc, went forth in those days that tried men's souls, and cried aloud, rebuking the oppressors of the people, pleading for the injured ones, that they should be let go. That rugged-looking man is her husband, stalwart Stephen, stern iconoclast.

"Every word that he speaks has been firily furnaced
In the blast of a life that has struggled in earnest."

Here is young Towne, who goes shortly to wed the free thought of New England to the hope of the West. Yonder soldierly man, with bearded face, tall and straight as a cedar of Lebanon, is the Rev. Col. or the Col. Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, bearing gracefully the laurels of war and the crown of literature. At the side of the Hall, Miss Holley, always ready in matters of finance, is collecting subscriptions.

This slender, well-shaped man, whose figure manages to look well, even in that abomination of abominations, a dress-coat, is the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, whose appearance may disappoint you at first, only to please you the more after a time. He ascends the platform, and makes an earnest appeal for subscriptions to the support of the Anti-Slavery Standard, as the only paper in the country devoted entirely to the claims and interests of five millions of our people, the colored men and women of America.

After him Wendell Phillips speaks. Is it necessary to describe the person and bearing of Wendell Phillips? A man elderly by years, yet seemingly scarcely past his prime; erect as a Roman, with majesty in his bearing and benignity in smile and glance of the soft blue eye. But who shall analyze the subtle charm with which the orator sways, at will, his audience? Is it the grace of a gentleman in an age of demagogueism? Is it the intangible calm that hangs about him—that while torrents of fiery invective dart forth, flashing with the terrible light of justice and truth, the man who utters it all stands still and unmoved amid the storm?

But he has finished; the applause ceases, and the trumpet voice of Higginson rings out, potent ever for truth. So with speech and song and gayety, the time speeds away till the inevitable hour of parting comes, and, with a regretful glance backward, we leave Horticultural Hall.

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## Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Jan. 27, 1868.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

You are already apprised of the death of James Mott, which occurred yesterday, in Brooklyn, at the house of his son-in-law, George W. Lord. Not here alone, in the vicinity of his own home, will his departure be mourned, but among the widely-extended friends of freedom, co-workers with him in behalf of the abolition of slavery, and among the many readers of The Standard who have known of his worth and usefulness in the Anti-Slavery struggle from its very dawn, as well as among the freedmen who know and revere his name, there will be a feeling of sorrow, and a consciousness of tender sympathy for the beloved companion of his life, who is still spared to earth.

James Mott attended the regular meeting of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society on the 15th instant, acting as its Chairman. He then appeared to be in his usual state of health. His sickness was of only a week's duration, being an attack of pneumonia. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon, from the residence of his son-in-law, Edward Hopper, and the remains will be interred in the Friend's ground at Fair Hill.

The readers of The Standard need not be told of the valuable and long- continued services of James Mott in connection with the abolition of slavery. He was one of the few original signers of the Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and for many years he has been the President of its Pennsylvania auxiliary. His great interest in the cause he thus early espoused has been constant and steadfast, continuing to the very close of his long career, which reached to the verge of four-score years. To other pens, let the narration of his faithful labors in the Anti-Slavery field be committed. We can all feel assured that he well performed his part, presenting a noble example of devotion to this cause, and to others in the sphere of moral and social reform.

James Mott was a member of the Society of Friends. He was interested in giving practical efficiency to the principles of that Society, and in the meetings of business his counsel was such as young men especially might ever profit by. I shall never forget his earnestness in impressing upon the minds of his hearers the importance of being true to those principles through all the walks of life. He manifested a thorough interest in the schools that have been established among the freedmen under the paternal care of the Society, and in behalf of these, as well as other beneficent works, he extended a liberal hand, always giving encouragement, and was seldom absent from the meetings held on their account.

The *Morning Post* of to-day, contains a notice, from which I take the following paragraph: "Not only in regard to slavery, but in all things, was Mr. Mott a reformer and a radical, and while his principles were absolute and his opinions uncompromising, his nature was singularly generous and humane. Charity was not a duty to him, but a delight, and the benevolence, which in most good men has some touch of vanity or selfishness, always seemed in him pure, unconscious and disinterested. His life was long and happy, and useful to his fellow-men. He had been married fifty-seven years, and none of the many friends of James and Lucretia Mott need be told how much that union meant, or what sorrow comes with its end in this world."

W.

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### *OBITUARY.*

PETER STILL

Peter Still, "The Kidnapped and Ransomed," died in Burlington, N. J., January 10th, 1868, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, after a brief illness, of pneumonia, of twelve days.

Scarcely twelve years have elapsed since the thrilling narrative of Peter Still was published and widely read by thousands of Abolitionists in different parts of the country. It may not, therefore, be amiss now, after the final termination of his eventful career, to briefly recall a few of the sad phases in his history which rendered his narrative so surpassingly interesting. How, when a little boy, only six years of age, he was torn away from his mother and his home by a tyrant's hands, and thus, separated from them for forty-one years, was compelled to wear the yoke of bondage; the unceasing throbbing of his heart for freedom; the varied methods he resorted to to regain his lost liberty. Although unable to read, how he marked, with exceeding minuteness, yearly, the changes which seemed to darken his prospects or encourage his hopes for the future; and, towards the close of forty years, slavery manœuvred to enlist the sympathies of a few to purchase him; the diligence with which he summoned his energies while accumulating the final hundred dollars to pay for himself; also the zeal he further evinced in laboring to earn money to enable him to start on an expedition in search of his relatives; the success and joy he realized in finding his mother, etc. Yet his joy here was only to last for a brief time. His wife and children, whom he was compelled to leave behind in bondage in Alabama, dear as they had been to him in slavery, seemed now to demand a far greater share of his affection than ever before. Forty years of suffering having failed to conquer his determination to be free, he of all others was the very last man to feel that he could be comforted while his companion and children were still in bonds. Hence, when the efforts of Seth Conklin to rescue his family failed, and he was murdered for his Christ-like love in the cause, and when the owner could not be prevailed upon to take a farthing less than Five Thousand Dollars for them (wife and three children), and sixteen hundred miles intervened between him and them, notwithstanding all these apparently insurmountable difficulties his faith and affection demanded that he should make an undying effort to rescue them at all hazard. And with characteristic singleness of purpose he applied himself to the task of raising the required Five Thousand Dollars. And, to the astonishment of all his his friends, at the expiration of four years' labor, he raised the entire purchase money, and, with his family again reunited to him, immediately settled in Burlington, N. J.

Being fully enured to toil, and with all possessed of rare qualities as a good manager, he was not long in finding a lot of ground which contained some ten accres, well adapted for raising truck of all description, and and likewise inviting as a home. This piece of ground he purchased, and on it built himself a comfortable cottage, barn, etc., which gave evidence of taste, industry and prosperity. But this property could not be paid for and his home made comfortable without the most untiring exertions. However, for his own benefit he was now to labor. Therefore with commendable industry very early in the morning he would be up and hard at work, eating no idle bread all the day long. His little farm, though made to produce under his culture full double its usual quantities, was much improved as was generally observed, and the town people all being acquainted with "Uncle Peter" it was not hard work for him to induce them to buy his fine crops of early vegetables, poultry, etc.

During the past fall, feeling that he had about finished paying for his place, he remarked to "Vivia" his wife that he might not be with her long, and as the house needed some repairs, he concluded that for her comfort he should attend to the matter immediately. Hence he engaged workmen and had the desired improvemen's made. But barely had the work been completed ere he was suddenly taken ill and died, leaving his faithful companion, ill in her room at the time, and a son and daughter, besides brothers and sisters to mourn his loss. Nor were these relatives the only mourners. For in addition to the sympathies which his sufferings had naturally awakened, his unparelled perseverance, integrity, sobriety and Christian deportment, absolutely commanded the admiration of the community generally.

He was connected with the Colored Baptish Church of Burlington and was looked upon as one of the leading men in it. But seeing that the accommodations of his church would in all probability prove too limited on the funeral service occasion, the First Baptist Church (white) magnanimously volunteered their commodious chapel and the pastor thereof in a truly Christian spirit entended the utmost kindness throughout; and among others who spoke on the occasion, he made an impressive address bearing on the life and character of the departed.

The concourse at the funeral was very large, consisting of white and colored persons indiscriminately.

W. S.

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### *LITERARY.*

Anne Judge, Spinster. By Frederick W. Robinson. Paper, 192 pp. New York: Robert De Witt, Publisher.

This story, which has been published in the columns of "Cassel" with marked success, and is now being republished in the Semi-Weekly *Tribune*, although rooted in that species of melo-dramatic incident on which sensational writers so greatly depend, is yet free from the grossly objectionable, if not improbable, and, in working out of plot and individuality of character, exhibits authorship of no mean ability. The hereine, "Anne Judge," is an original as well as loveable creation, contrasting finely with her proud, feeble, sensitive old father, and "Edward Delancy" is a character happily conceived, and treated throughout in an artistic manner. "Hugh Aynard," faulty and erratic, the reader soon pities more than despises, albeit laboring under the uncomfortable feeling that he is being treated to a diluted "Rochester" creation, while the mysteries of the dismal "Aynard Roost" are as graphically depicted, exhibiting as much real power as any page of modern fiction. As a whole, we must say that "Anne Judge, Spinster," is a book which few will peruse without interest, however much they may regret that a writer capable of worthier effort should be so unmindful of heeding the graver problems of life in his pages.

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*Putnam's Magazine* for February presents an excellent table of contents. Its old admirers cannot but be pleased with its present appearance, and, though formidable rivals have sprung to life since it first carried joy to so many homes, we see no reason why it should not at once acquire an enviable hold upon public favor. "Too true—A Story of To-day," is continued, the fourth chapter gaining strongly in interest. The article on "Dante and his latest Translators," is valuable as a contribution to our literature from the original view taken of Dante's poetical genius. We, ourselves have been inclined to think his works rather unduly estimated by an admiring posterity, and are pleased to see so vigorous a writer attack universal judgment, albeit we cannot see that his (the writer's) attempts at English version are a whit more successful than those he accounts failures. Indeed, when it comes to exercise of choice, we prefer the translations of Parsons or Longfellow to what our critic might give us, judging from the specimens before us. But in his judgment of the actual value of the great Italian's so-called *immortal works*, we are inclined to repose a large amount of credence. We agree with him that there is a "further poetical glance, more idealized fidelity in Milton; more significance, and wisdom, and profundity of hint in Goethe," and have the faith to believe that some day the correctness of the judgment will be realized. The article that follows is made up of extracts from the diary of James Fennimore Cooper, some of which are interesting, but more trivial; doing, we think, as great an injustice to the author as those published some time since in the *Atlantic Monthly* did their subject, Hawthorne, and furnishing powerful reason why such literary remains should be held inviolate from public eye. "The Mystery of the Gilded Cameo" is exceedingly well written, preserving a wholesome moral beneath its sensational character, and "A Talk with our next President," "Making the Most of One's Self," "Life in our great Cities" are all readable, thoughtful articles. The former is clear and outspoken in character, leaving no doubt as to the liberal tendencies of the Magazine, which knowledge alone was wanting to complete its excellence. An interesting sketch of the late Fitz Greene Halleck brings us to the *Monthly Chronicle* which, with the editorial notes on literature and art and a few pages of easy, pleasant Table Talk, close the number.—W. P. T.

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The February number of *Harper's Magazine* is fully up to its standard of excellence. The number opens with the tenth paper of "Personal Recollections of the War." Interesting as the series have been regarded hitherto, the story of Antietam, which is now presented, will be considered a valuable accession to their value, the incidents of that great battle being sketched with force and clearness. The peculiar prominence given to Indian affairs during the past year makes the paper (illustrated) "A Summer on the Plains" not only apropos but useful, for the information it gives of Indian life, character and ideas upon the question of war with the whites. The writer evidently has little faith in the treaties of peace which have been from time to time made, but only to be broken. At the close of his graphic and spirited narration, he says that "while there are many old chiefs who prefer peace, the young men are invariably for war—war when there is grass for the horses. They will keep the peace during the Winter, but they naturally prefer war, and will gratify their preference when the grass comes again." This conclusion, even admitting its correctness, which we would fain disbelieve, is mainly the result of a pernicious system of intercourse betwixt the whites and the Indians, causing the latter to regard the former as their natural enemies and be insensible to the influences which, could they be allowed free scope, would soften and humanize these poor remnants of tribes now thirsting for blood. "The Woman's Kingdom," by Miss Muloch, reaches its sixth chapter, with increased promise of interest. "The Warfare of Religion" is, as its title indicates, an inquiry into the relations between Christianity and the skepticism said to be increasing every year, in which very freedom of individual thought, the writer sees a hopeful sign of advancement in the opposite direction. The miscellaneous contents of the number are fully of average quality. "Derrick Halsay" is a well-told story of sacrifice and suffering, and the "Phantom Bridge" abounds with such minuteness and fidelity of description of nature and the simple of life, as only Alice Cary can put in prose. "Found Out" is a gracefully told passage in a woman's life, and "The Porch" is an elegant poetic trifle. Indeed, in every department, the number maintains its long-established reputation.

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The *Atlantic Monthly* for February opens with an ably written article by James Parton, arousing the often-discussed question, "Does it pay to Smoke?", which the writer, adducing many powerful influences in support of his opinion, very properly decides in the negative. He considers the habit of smoking a pernicious one in every respect, and, as he himself was an inveterate smoker for thirty years, his experience should have great weight with all dispassionate minds. He says, in summing up:

"I beg respectfully to assure the brotherhood of smokers, that it does not pay to smoke. It realy does not. I can work better and longer than before, I have less headache. I have a better opinion of myself. I enjoy exercise more. I sleep more vigorously. My room is cleaner. The bad air in our theatres, and other public places, disgusts me more but exhausts me less. I think I am better tempered as well as more cheerful and satisfied. I endure the inevitable ills of life with more fortitude and look forward more hopefully to the coming years. It did not pay to smoke, but most decidedly it pays to stop smoking."

Mr. Parton's prescription, however, for curing the habit, viz—a good stiff glass of whiskey and water whenever seized with the desire to smoke, we regard as decidedly dangerous, and should have been better satisfied had the result been attained in some other way. Charles Dickens's story, "George Silverman's Explanation," is continued through the sixth chapter. It increases in interest, with here and there a sunbeam burst of the old-time Dickens humor, but bears evident marks of the unfavorable circumstances under which it is given to the public. Then we have "Characteristics of Genius," a thoughtful essay by F. H. Hedge; "A Week in Sybaris" by E. E. Hale; Tennyson's fine poem "The Victim;" a very interesting essay on "Beaumont and Fletcher" by E. P. Whipple; part II. of "Flotsam and Jetsam", and the continuation of "Doctor Molke's Friends," by J. J. Hayes. "Four Months on the stage" is said to have been written by the young and talented artist, Mr. Marshall Oliver, whose brief appearance on the stage gave promise of a brilliant career had he chosen to adopt acting as a profession. His theatrical experiences are very interesting, and will repay perusal. Whittier's poem, "The Meeting," is full of deep religious feeling. May the pages of the *Atlantic* long be enriched with his productions. Altogether, the February number is one of the best yet published of this deservedly popular magazine.

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*Our Young Folks* for the current month is a charming make up. It opens with the eighth chapter of Dr. Hayes's interesting story "Cast Away in the Cold." The instalment presented, which will be read with delight by all juveniles, tells how two boys prepared for Winter on their desert island, building a hut, storing away food and fuel, and saving skins for warm clothing. The "Grand St. Bernard" is a pleasant discriptive account of the celebrated hospice and its no less celebrated dogs. "The Old Life Boat" is a very interesting story of a shipwreck, in which the boat plays an important part. Then we have "The Downfall of the Saxon Gods," not so happy in conception; the continuation of the pleasant story of "Wide-mouthed Kluhn," and an animated account of the way in which a party of pleasant travellers passed a night on a train blocked up with snow. The third packet of "William Henry's Letters to his Grandmother" is very boy-like and lively. The number concludes with the usual miscellany and rebusses, charades, puzzles, etc.

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The *American Educational Monthly* for February is an attractive number. This magazine evinces a liberal, reformatory spirit, and is in every respect worthy of the patronage accorded to it. Among the articles is the initial paper of a series by Robert W. Hume which, under the thin veil of a story—"The Smith Family," promises to be an excellent burlesque on some of the follies of the times. This excellent Monthly is furnished at $1.50 per annum.

RECEIVED.

Queen Victoria's Journal: or, Life in the Highlands. 12 mo., cloth. 287 pp. New York: Harper & Brother.

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*Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated* for February. S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

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*Our Schoolday Visitor* for February. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co., 424 Walnut street.

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*Friend's Review*, No. 22, Vol. XXI. Philadelphia.

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*Demorest's Young America* for February. W. Jennings Demorest, Publisher, 472 Broadway, New York.

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*Littell's Living Age.* No. 1235. Boston: Littell & Gay.

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*Every Saturday*, No. 109. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

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*Harper's Bazar.* A Ladies' Illustrated Weekly of Fashions. No. 15. New York: Harper & Brother.

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### *ART ITEMS.*

Several new pictures have lately been added to the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design, most of them the work of American artists, by whom they were contributed to the Paris Universal Exhibition. Some of them had previously been exhibited there, and among them a prominent one is J. F. Weir's striking picture of the interior of the Parrott gun foundry, with workmen engaged in casting a cannon. Church's tropical mountain scene, with a rainbow bridging a rocky ravine, and a large picture of Niagara Falls, by the same artist, are among the additions, and are now for the first time exhibited in this country. One of the best portraits ever painted by Elliott—that of Mr. Fletcher Harper, Sr., and which was in the Academy Exhibition three or four years ago—has also had its turn in Paris, and is again on the Academy walls. Two landscapes by Inness, two by McEntee, two by S. R. Gifford, and two by Kensett, are among the returned representatives of the American school of landscape that figured at the Exposition. Eastman Johnson's "Old Kentucky Home," Winslow Homer's "Prisoners from the Front," and Huntington's "Republican Court in the Days of Washington," are also among the pictures that seem to have acquired more or less *prestige* from their sojourn at Paris.

The latest work from the studio of Palmer, the sculptor, is now on exhibition at Schaus's. It is an *alto-relievo* in marble, representing Hope, leaning upon her traditional anchor, and is conceived with a feeling of much grace in the lines of figure and drapery.

The sculptures of Dr. Rimmer, principal teacher of the Ladies' School of Art in the Cooper Institute, are attracting notice by their originality and power. The "Gladiator," which is now to be seen in his class-room, was exhibited in France and Italy, where it elicited much encomium from the critics. His ideal figure of "Osiris," nude and hawk-headed, in accordance with Egyptian mythology, is also to be seen at the same place. Dr. Rimmer is the sculptor of the statue of Hamilton, a massive subject in gray Concord granite, erected some time since in Boston. Originally a surgeon by profession, the early studies of Dr. Rimmer have made him thoroughly conversant with anatomy, human as well as comparative, and the knowledge is apparent in his several works.

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## Special Notices.

The Anti-Slavery Office on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for The Standard, or who wish to subscribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time. E. M. Davis,
No, 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

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The Standard in New Orleans.—The Standard may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. Simon, Esq., No. 85 Barome street.

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Mr. Richard Mason, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for The Standard in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

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## Advertisements.


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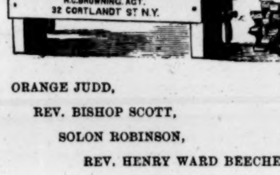


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# Miscellaneous Department.

## THE OLD BARN.

BY DANIEL RICKETSON.

No hay upon its wide spread mows,
  No horses in the stalls,
No broad-horned oxen, sheep, or cows,
  Within its time-worn walls.

The wind howls through its shattered doors,
  Now swinging to and fro;
And o'er its once frequented floors
  No footsteps come and go.

O! once alas! each vacant bay,
  And every space around,
Was teeming with sweet scented-hay,
  The harvest of the ground.

And well-fed cattle in a row,
  At mangers ranged along,
Each fastened by an oaken bow,
  Stood at the stanchions strong.

But where so long old Dobbin stood,
  His master's pride, and care,
And from his hand received his food,
  All now is vacant there.

Then these broad fields, from hill to plain,
  Wav'd in the summer air,
With choicest crops of grass, or grain,
  Now left so bleak and bare.

How sweet the music of the flail,
  Resounding far, and clear,
As borne upon the passing gale,
  Reached the distant ear.

The black-bird hailed the dewy morn,
  From out his rushy perch,
The sparrow sang upon the thorn,
  The cat-bird on the birch.

The robin from the highest tree
  Sent forth his whistle clear,
His soul partaking of the glee,
  That wakes the vernal year.

And childhood's merry shout was heard,
  The farm-yard choir among,
Which, mingled with the note of bird,
  Enriched the tide of song.

The master on his daily round,
  With conscious pride would go,
His faithful dog close by him found,
  Attending to and fro.

Old honest "Trip," long since has gone,
  And moulders 'neath the wall;
No more he takes the welcome bone,
  Or hears his master's call.

The kindly master too has died,
  The matron in her grace,
And dead, or scattered far and wide,
  The remnant of their race.

But peace, and blessings, on the past,
  The poet now would say;
Our joy cannot forever last,
  Nor sorrow ever stay.

Brooklawn, New Bedford, Dec. 29, 1867.

## *THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.*

EVERYBODY knows that the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe "had so many children she didn't know what to do;" but this is not the most peculiar feature of her case. All these children were girls. Every year the Old Woman, who was never young, added to their number. Imagine the clamor of all these feminine tongues! Imagine the portioning out of that bread and broth which, as Mother Goose hints, was not sufficient in the beginning. If there had been sons these could have stirred for themselves; but girls! the Old Woman fell into such perplexity that she went to Mr. Wiseman and asked his advice.

"What shall I do with my girls?" asked the Old Woman.

"Marry them! hunt husbands for them! Set the girls at making snares and man-traps," answered Mr. Wiseman.

"Snares and man-traps!" echoed the Old Woman, reddening and ruffling.

"Good little traps! virtuous snares!" explained Mr. Wiseman, soothingly.

The Old Woman went home and set all her girls at making good little traps and snares; but sometimes these traps were sprung, or the husband died, or ran away after he was caught, and in all these cases the bereaved huntresses were sure to come wretchedly back to the Old Woman in the Shoe. Nor was this all! they brought their children with them.

Between these returns and the new arrivals it was with the Old Woman as with Charity—where she sent out one six came back.

"What can I do?" she asked Mr. Wiseman again. "There never was such an unlucky Old Woman! How can I rid myself finally of my girls unless I could contract for a lot of perfect and immortal husbands?"

Mr. Wiseman put on his spectacles and took down his books. He looked in the Dictionaries, in the Lives of Celebrated Women, in the Laws and Treatises concerning Women, and in History; but in none of them were women to be found without legal guardians or male relatives who were bound for their support.

"Madam," observed Mr. Wiseman, "there is nothing else to be done for them. It is the destiny of woman to be provided for, and she always fulfills that destiny. She is a lovely, clinging plant that can flourish only in the privacy of home. All the Authorities say so."

"There are a large number of my clinging plants," answered the Old Woman, "that have nothing to cling to, and no home to flourish in; and if Fate has really contracted to provide homes and husbands for all women, all I can say is that she goes back on her bargain with a great many of my girls, as you can see for yourself if you will come home to my Shoe."

"Thank you, but I think we had better say nothing more about it," said Mr. Wiseman uneasily.

"But we must say something more about it!" shrieked the Old Woman. "Every year there are more girls, but there is no more broth."

"Such language is unwomanly," retorted Mr. Wiseman, "and a direct flying in the face of Providence!" and he shut his door.

The Old Woman picked up her crutch, and trudged back to the Shoe.

"My dears," she said, with a sigh, "there is nothing for you but to go on hunting husbands."

"In that case," cried the Elder Sister, who had a long tongue, a short temper, and a prodigious spirit, "those may stay in the Shoe who like. I am going to seek my fortune."

And as all heroines in search of a fortune go to Court, she took the road thither also. But, as her evil star had decreed, she met Puck on the road. This is "that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow;" but he has adapted himself to the Nineteenth century. He wears a wig over his curls; he has spectacles on his saucy nose; he has fixed a long beard on his round chin; he hides his wings under a sad-colored gown; he speaks not, except as by argument, and inclines to nothing that cannot be demonstrated. In a word, he is a ten-times madder and more riotous elf than of old. But to suit with our practical age, he calls himself Theory, and does his follies with a reverend aspect and by way of reason. Seeing now in the Elder Sister as fit a subject for his handling as any since the days of Helen and Hermia, he presented himself before her.

"Who are you?" asked the Eldest Sister.

"One who knows," returns Puck, solemnly.

"Knows what?"

"That you will never get what you seek till you wear the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks best pair of breeches."

"And where are they to be had?" asked the Sister with interest.

"I will show you the way," said Puck, offering her his arm.

In this manner they came to the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks's palace, where Puck knocked a thundering double knock.

"What do you want?" asked a footman, after a while, peeping out at the queer-looking couple on the steps.

"The Lord-High Fiddlesticks's best breeches," answered the Sister, promptly.

The footman began to laugh so loud that the other servants came to inquire what he was laughing at.

"Why, here is a couple of scarecrows as wants the Lord-High-Fiddlestick's best breeches," said the footman.

On hearing this, the other servants exploded in such great he-hes and haw-haws that the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks sent out to know what was the matter. A footman went in to rehearse the affair, and my Lord-High-Fiddlesticks and his family roared in concert. But an hour or two after, when people were tired of laughing, somebody looked out, and spied the Eldest Sister and Puck still on the steps.

"Dear me, this will never do," puffed the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks, who was a nervous man. "Tell them to get out."

"*Get out!*" cried half-a-dozen footmen, obediently. But Puck and the Eldest Sister never budged.

"My Lord," declared the footman, going back, "they won't go."

"Turn them out, then!" commanded my Lord in a fine passion. "Turn them out, I say!"

"What is the matter? What is it all about?" asked the crowd, which by this time had been attracted by these unusual proceedings.

"Gentlemen," said Puck, "this lady," pointing to the Sister, "has been robbed of her just rights. The fiction always carefully promulgated by the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks and his predecessors, that no woman should name, much less *wear* the breeches, which are the insignia of his office and his privileges, is a fiction, gentlemen, which covers a hideous wrong—a wrong done to this lady: the usurpation of her right, incontestibly as good as his to wear the breeches. In her name I claim the privileges which, from time immemorial, have belonged to these breeches; and if you ask, Why has she a right, and what good will they do her? I answer, Why has she *not* a right, and what harm will they do her? More than that, I declare that we mean to defend our rights as well as assert them. If we are driven away we mean to come back; and no matter how often we are told that this lady will not get the breeches, I say that she *will*—as you, gentlemen, will see for yourselves, if you wait long enough."

Having pronounced this oration with a face of the most immovable gravity, Puck turned himself about and pounded again vigorously on the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks's door.

The Lord-High-Fiddlesticks, who had not lost a word of this speech from his upper window, began to shake in his shoes, and sent to the Sister privately to inquire if she would be satisfied with an *old* pair of breeches.

"The best or nothing," returned the Sister, promptly.

The Lord-High-Fiddlesticks was in a frightful perplexity. He couldn't—he wouldn't—give the woman his breeches; and Puck and the Eldest Sister would not leave the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks. They made speeches about him to the crowd. They knocked continual and tremendous raps on his door. When My Lord tried to steal out unobserved, they were too smart for him, and headed him off. Wherever he went they went too. With sober face but wicked glee, Puck sounded a gong or beat a big drum, while the Elder Sister harangued concerning My Lord's iniquities to his face—or rather to his back. They made constant darts and snaps at the breeches; they went into all the houses and preached to the women about the breeches.

Imagine My Lord-High-Fiddlesticks with a confirmed habit of holding tight by his waistband, and in constant terror—not of his life but for his breeches. Imagine the wrath of the court and townsfolk who could get no rest for the gong-sounding, drum-beating, and haranguing; and the discomfort of the sober, substantial citizens, who rightly felt that the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks's breeches were in no more danger than their own.

Meantime matters in the Shoe grew worse from day to day; and as it became evident that the Eldest Sister did not mean to return, the Working Sisters took their children by the hand and their sick people on their backs and went out to find their fortune. And setting about it in good old-fashioned style, they came to a prodigious castle, from which issued an appalling uproar of shrieks, snorts, whistles, wheels, grinding, turning, whizzing, and trampling. In the door sat a Giant with so many hands and heads that they cannot be counted; and, as you may conclude, such a various appearance that it would be useless to attempt to describe him. A very ill-looking monster he was, by all accounts. But they could not go back. The river was before them and night was closing in. So they asked him for food and lodging.

"You can come in if you like," he answered, surlily; "and if you choose to work you can get bread and a bed; if not, stay out. There are plenty who will come."

The Sisters looked at each other; but, as I said, they could not go back, and the river was before them. So they went into the Giant's castle, and the Giant set them all at work on a monstrous tread-mill. They sewed, they copied, they burnished, they tended wheels, they wove, they pasted, they counted. Time would fail me to tell of half the things that they did, but it was all done on the tread-mill.

Word went back to the Shoe that the Working Sisters had found a shelter with the Giant, and hundreds more came trooping after. There was not room enough for the women to stand or work enough for them to do. The Giant drove them to their work as soon as it was light, and often kept them at it till midnight. If he would have crunched them down at once in the sturdy, old-time way of Polyphemus, and other gentlemen of his persuasion, he would have done them a kindness; but he picked them day by day. There was blood on their work and nerves and tissues, and years of life daily gobbled by the Giant as they stumbled hopelessly forward on the tread-mill; the elder women leading, the children following, as fast as their little feet would carry them.

The noise of their groaning was so great that it came to the ears of the Younger Sisters, who were still in the Shoe.

"Mother," said they to the Old Woman, "we cannot sleep of nights for the groans of our Sisters in the Giant's tread-mill. We must go and seek our fortune."

"Alack! my children," replied the Old Woman, "have any of your Sisters found their fortune? Go to bed and stuff the blankets in your ears."

The Younger Sisters did as they were bid, but the noise of the groaning was so loud that they could not sleep a wink; and, rising softly, they slipped out of the Shoe before anybody was awake, and started off in search of their fortune. Like their Eldest Sister, they took the road to Court; but just as they entered the town they met the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks and his chief Spectacle-Holder.

The Sisters, who were at a stand-still, came up to My Lord to ask the way; but, "My Lord," cried the Chief Spectacle-Holder, who was neither more nor less than Puck in a new gown and wig, "here are more women coming after your best breeches!" for there was what is called a family resemblance between the Eldest and the Younger Sisters.

"My breeches!" exclaimed the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks, in a panic, before the Younger Sisters could open their mouths; "get out, you hussies! get out, I say! My breeches, indeed!" and, seeing the Sisters still determined to speak with him, he took to his heels and ran for his life, holding fast to the breeches by the way.

"Stop!" cried the Sisters, who thought he was mad.

"What is the matter now?" shouted everybody, rushing to the doors and windows.

"Ladies!" cried Puck, facing about, "I wonder at you! chasing the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks out of his breath for his breeches! For shame!"

"For shame!" echoed everybody.

"It is not true," answered the Sisters; "we only wanted to ask our way."

"Oh, we know better than that!" answered the crowd. "We have seen you before. You have gongs in your pockets."

"And you go about beating on drums," said Puck. "We know your tricks."

Here arose such a hubbub of indignation that Mr. Wiseman popped his head out of his window to see what was the matter.

"Mr. Wiseman!" exclaimed the Younger Sisters all together, "pray help us. We came to find our fortune; but these people have all gone mad."

"A true woman," answered Mr. Wiseman, disapprovingly, "would not be here with a mob at but her, but would wait at home for her fortune."

"There is not enough to eat at home," answered the Sisters.

"A woman's fortune is her husband," pursued Mr. Wiseman.

"But, Mr. Wiseman, what are we to do if we have no husbands, or have lost them?"

"Even if you could get My Lord's breeches," he insisted, "you would only be ridiculous in them."

"As you are now, with your gongs and drums," threw in Puck.

"Dear Mr. Wiseman," cried the Sisters, "we do not want the breeches; only to earn our bread."

"Then you should go to the Giant's tread-mill," said Mr. Wiseman.

"There is not room enough now; besides we have heard the groans of our Sisters. We are willing to work for bread; but the Giant takes blood and nerves and life."

"The Giant's tread-mill has been in operation a great many years, and when you speak in that way, you attack a venerable institution which should be respected. You should not come here and look out for yourselves. Women are made weak that men may look out for them."

"But, Mr. Wiseman," answered the Sisters, with tears in their eyes, "men have not looked out for us, but left us at home to starve; and when we try to help ourselves they flout us as you do, and insist that we want breeches."

"Ladies! ladies!" cried Mr. Wiseman, "it is for men to go rambling about the country, and to have opinions. The opinion of the old Greeks was, that looms, not public meetings, are women's business. If you are uncomfortable you should make no noise about it. Women are like little boys; they should be seen and not heard."

"Why?" asked the Sisters.

"Woman," cried Mr. Wiseman, "is lovely when she is silent. Woman demanding what to do, and saying that she has no bread-and-butter, is simply hideous!" And he shut the window.

"There," said Puck, dancing off, "I told you you would get no breeches!"

On which the crowd set up such a hurrah that the Sisters were frightened nearly out of their wits, and ran till they came to a great castle with high arched gate and handsome walks about it. In the entrance sat a Giant peacefully smoking a pipe; but as soon as he saw the Sisters he sprang up with a howl of terror and slammed the gate under their very noses.

"What is that for?" asked the Sisters.

"Don't you know that women never come here," cried the Giant, peeping at them over the gate, "and that if you stay here we could not admire you?"

"We don't care," answered the Sisters, "for admiration as much as we do for bread-and-butter."

The Giant went into his lodge; but after a time popped his head over the gate again, and said:

"Aren't you gone yet? You had better go away—you had really! You make us so much trouble. The other day one of your sort slipped into our English tower through a little back way called the Apothecaries' Gate, and we were obliged to pull that gate down and rebuild it so that no more of you should slip in. You had better go!"

"We are *not* going," answered all the Sisters except the Youngest, who said, "I will go on to yonder forest. Perhaps I shall find our fortune there."

Now the forest of which she spoke was made up of reverend old trees whose mighty branches hardly let in the sun; and you may think how surprised was the Youngest Sister to find this hoary forest all in a giggle. Sly faces peeped at her from under the leaves; great Roots grinned at her; every Branch quivered with bitterness and whisperings; the Pines shook with laughter in every twig; and the Brook gurgled in such a meaning way that the Youngest Sister was filled with spite.

"Are you laughing at *me?*" she asked, sharply.

"Not at all," said the Brook. "I am laughing at the story of the foolish stream that set out for the river, a drop at a time, and dried up by the way."

"I see nothing in that," returned the Youngest Sister. But just then she heard a great buzzing, and looking around saw a huge Bumble-Bee lying on its back, and kicking in an ecstasy of fun. "And what are *you* laughing at?" asked the Youngest Sister.

"At those foolish bees, said the Bumble Bee, who bought their honey of the humming birds. Having nothing else, each gave its legs, its wings, its pollen-basket, and its honey-pump; but when they had nothing more to give, the humming-birds turned their backs on them, and the bees starved to death."

"There is nothing in that," answered the Youngest Sister, walking on very fast. But walk as fast as she could, she could not get away from the tittering and giggling that pursued her. Of a sudden she stopped with a chill down her back. She had discovered that the laughing was in her pocket.

"What can be in my pocket? and what shall I do now?" she asked herself in a fright; when, giving her pocket a shake, out tumbled a Primer, which the Old Woman in the Shoe had given her, but which she had quite forgotten. The book opened as it fell, and the Youngest Sister saw all the Letters of the Alphabet whispering together.

"More laughing!" she exclaimed angrily; "and what are you laughing at pray?"

"Only at a couple of silly little stories answered the Letters, trying to sneak back to their places."

"Tell me the silly little stories," said the Youngest Sister; "then I shall know if they are worth laughing at."

"Once upon a time," commenced the Primer, "there was a Prince of Cham-Cham who was unlucky enough to offend a great enchanter; on which the enchanter, after the amiable fashion of his tribe, decreed that the Prince should never eat another dinner unless he went to the top of a certain high mountain for it. No Prince of Cham-Cham had ever climbed a mountain, and the Prince sent for all the wise men in his kingdom to advise what was to be done. The wise men came and shook their heads.

"'This is a difficult problem,' said they. 'The ascent is too steep for a horse, and it is quite impossible that Your Majesty should go up on your own feet. It was never heard of since Cham-Cham was a kingdom that any Prince went any whither on his own feet; he was always carried. If Your Majesty should climb the mountain you would destroy the ideal of Our Prince.'

"'How then am I to get my dinner?' asked the Prince.

"'We will go home to dinner,' said they' 'and invent a method of hoisting Your Majesty to the top.'

"So the wise men went home to dinner; but before the invention was perfected the Prince had starved to death."

"I see nothing to laugh at in that," returned the Youngest Sister, yawning. "Let me hear your other story."

"Once upon a time," said the Primer, "there were six Poor Women, and this is what they did. Each woman spent two dollars a week; each woman bought her coal by the bucket, at the rate of eighteen or twenty dollars a ton—scant measure, and coal almost all stone at that. Each woman bought at the corner grocery sour, black bread, at ten cents a loaf; a quarter of a pound of horrible black tea, as dear as it was bad; and a quart of the worst coal-oil in the world at the price of the best. It was not often that any of these women dared buy a poor bit of meat or a few potatoes. Whatever they did buy, it was still a poor article at the best rates. And to earn such a living these six women worked night and day, and every year grew poorer and weaker. But this is what they might have done: they might have agreed to buy together. There would have been then twelve dollars for the week. Eschewing the corner grocery they could buy, if they liked, a ton of good coal, giving each woman when divided, more than double the quantity at half the cost; a pound and a half of fair tea at ninety cents; two bags of good flour (twenty-eight pound bags). For the next week's purchases say a barrel of potatoes, the pound and a half of tea, the flour as before, mutton enough to last them the week, seven pounds of sugar, and butter, or what else was most needed. Other women hearing in the course of time of the better fare of these six would suppose, first, that the millennium had commenced in the corner groceries; but learning the truth, would bring their money and desire to be admitted into partnership, Growing stronger, the women could buy directly of the producers—"

"But what is all this tiresome stuff to me?" asked the Youngest Sister, breaking in impatiently.

"Why, nothing, truly," answered the Primer, sheepishly; "only we laughed to see how near these women were to finding their fortune."

The Youngest Sister shut the book and wandered on, till the forest thinned the way, so that she could see a castle through the trees. Her first thought was to be glad; her second, that the building wore a disagreeably-familiar look. No sooner had she said this to herself than she recognized it. She had come back to the Giant's tread-mill. Faintly outlined against the horizon she could see the maternal Shoe. Not to put too fine a point on it, she had been walking in a circle.

Not knowing what to do next, she stood till she saw some of the Working Sisters coming out of the gate.

"Where are you going?" asked the Youngest Sister.

"To town," they answered, "to buy bread. The Giant has just paid us our wages for the week."

"I will go with you," said the Youngest Sister.

So they went to town together—the Working Sisters weary and faint after the day on the Giant's tread-mill; the Youngest Sister weary and faint because she had found no fortune and had walked in a circle—walking like shadows in the bright town till they came to a dirty shop on the corner of a dark street. The Youngest Sister rubbed her eyes and stared. Behind the counter sat the Giant, with all his faces and hands about him; lean faces, broad faces, pale faces, red faces—some smirking and some scowling, some speaking loud and some speaking low; and hands to match—wicked faces and greedy hands all of them.

The Sisters went in, one by one. Each woman bought a loaf of bad bread, a paper of worse tea, a can of worse oil, a bucket of stones called coal, and a half-bundle of poor wood, sold for a bundle. The Giant was sharp with them, and round with them, and cross with them, and snappish with them. He cheated them in weight, and he cheated them in quality. He sold them odds, ends, refuse, scrapings, shavings; sour things, spoiled things, bitter things, rotten things. He rated them soundly when they were in his debt—and charged for his odds and ends, his refuse and scrapings, the highest market-prices. And between the high prices here at the corner, and the low wages at the tread-mill, he had them all by a chain about the neck, to which every week added a new link.

The Youngest Sister stood at the door watching, tears in her eyes and rage in her heart. As she stood she felt the Primer bounce about in her pocket in a remarkable manner. Now this Primer was not a Wilson's First Reader, as you may imagine, but a Primer which possessed the excellent faculty of telling you just what you needed to know.

The Youngest Sister opened the Primer, and this is what she read:

### CO-OPERATIVE CATECHISM.

Q. Are a dozen men stronger than one?—A. Yes.

Q. Can ten dollars be used to better advantage than five?—A. Yes.

Q. Is it cheaper to buy in large quantities?—A. Yes.

Q. What are the Working Sisters like when they go singly and buy pennyworths?—A. The Brook that went to the river drop by drop, and dried up by the way.

Q. Who are the Working Sisters like when they buy the refuse of the Giant's shop at the best market-prices, and run in debt for it?—A. The bees who bought their honey of the humming-birds, and paid for it with their wings and legs.

Q. What does Mr. Wiseman think of the Working Sisters' case?—A. That it is a Mysterious Dispensation, and the Problem of the Age, and that no doubt Somebody will find the remedy somewhere, at some future time.

Q. Who are the Working Sisters like while waiting for Somebody to find the remedy?—A. Like the Prince of Cham-Cham, who starved to death before they could invent a contrivance for hoisting him to the top of the mountain.

Q. When you wish to be sure that a thing will be done, what should you do?—A. Do it yourself.

Q. Can a man or woman make the fortune of another man or woman?—A. No.

Q. Who is it that are sure of help?—A. Those who help themselves.

Q. Can all the charitable men and women in the world lift the class of Working Sisters into a comfortable life?—A. No.

Q. Who can help the Working Sisters?—A. The Working Sisters?

Q. How can this be done, when these women have no money and no time?—A. As the six Poor Women might have done.

How many women are needed for a beginning?—A. The first two who have honesty and common-sense, and can agree to buy together.

Q. Is the Primer hostile to the Giant of the corner shop?—A. Yes; because women who once co-operate in buying, as soon as they are strong enough will buy directly of the producers. The Giant's pockets will collapse, his heads will grow hungry, his fingers skinny, his trade small, and his profits smaller.

Q. What picture shall be at the beginning of this Primer when it grows a rich Primer and can afford to embelish itself?—A. The mill that is now operated by one of the Trade-Unions in London.

Q. How did this Trade-Union commence?—A. With a few mechanics and a few dollars.

Q. Is it probable that women can conduct extended financial operations?—A. This Primer, being of a sanguine turn, thinks that it is, as woman have shown such capabilities in individual cases; but if not, there will always be men to help them.

Q. What shall the Youngest Sister do with this Primer?—A. Go straightway and publish it.

On reading this the Youngest Sister slipped the book into her pocket and started for the publishers; but the Primer managed to squeak out one more inquiry:

Q. When shall the first two or three Working-Women who eagerly wish for present relief, begin on the co-operative plan?—A. Now!—*Harper's Magazine* for October.

## GOODNESS A LAW TO ITSELF.

THE rich man or the bad man,—let him hold
Fast to the law. That only shelters him,
And hardly. Laws are only for the bad.
The freedom of the good man's action knows
No power within his breast but godly will,
And what he wills, that thing, despite the world,
He almost always doth perform; or if
He fails on earth, still he belongs to Heaven.
Whoso e'er hath wrought a great and glorious work
Was in his time a scandal, a destroyer,
An outcast, worthy of the hemlock cup,
Reprobate, fitted for the cross, and then
For divine honors in the after-age.

—*From the German of Leopold Schefer.*

## *THE END OF OUR FOUR GREAT MEN.*

THE four great personages who occupy the most conspicuous places in the history of the world, are Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Bonaparte.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless millions, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer—set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, and having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and slipped "three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of the slaughtered knights," and made her foundations quake, fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their god and called him Baal, Hina died at last in a foreign country, by poison administered by his own hand unlamented and unwept.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyeing his garments in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his dearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandates kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, and after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which did not, and could not bring him aid.

Thus these four men who seem to stand the representatives of all those whom the world calls great—these four men, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or as was supposed, by poison mingled in his wine; one a suicide, one murdered by his friends, and one a lonely exile. "How are the mighty fallen!"

## *THE OCEAN BOTTOM.*

MR. GREEN, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Bank," near Hayti: "The banks of coral on which my divings were made were about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others, it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty, support a myriad of pyrimidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving reality to the imaginary abode of some water-nymph. In other places, the pendants form arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through in the deep winding avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had long been buried beneath old ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftier were columns to those stately temples now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals where water had deposited the earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from any plants that I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land.

One, in particular, attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors and the most brilliant hue. The fish which inhabit these "Silver Banks" I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sun fish, from the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam—from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark.

Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs, some of small size resembled bull-terriers. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.

To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist to do so, require more than my limits allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sun fish, star fish, white shark, and blue, or shovel-nose shark, were often seen.

There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose when in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the ribbon fish, from four or five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of a frog.

Another fish is spotted like a leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long which, I should think, would weigh from 400 to 500 pounds.


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